The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1932 NUMBER 924

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The Week

THE CONTINUED rapid rise of prices on the New York Stock Exchange has as many explanations as there are explainers. We may march them briefly in review and see whether they pass inspection. It is a political move on the part of Republicans to further the election of Hoover. Yes, in part, but concerted efforts to boost the market have failed in the past, and would probably fail again if other circumstances were not favorable.—It is a reaction to the publicity drive of the newspapers, which feature every bit of hopeful news, or news which can be made to appear hopeful. This may have had some effect, particularly in view of the increases of commodity prices.—It is a reflection of an actual expansion in production, employment and business activity. No; there has been no such expansion, in spite of all the prosperity propaganda. The index of business activity, corrected for seasonal influences, was at the lowest point of the depression in the last week of July, while in the same week the total of bank debits outside of New York was also at the record low.—It is stimulated by easy credit. No; there is no increase of bank loans.—It is the result of foreign buying in the United States, consequent upon the subsidence of the scare caused by the outflow of gold, which now has ceased. Yes, in large measure.—It is a result of the fact that at the very low prices of June, stocks offered absurdly high yields. Yes, in part; these were panic prices, kept low by fears of further bankruptcies and dividend cutting which have not materialized.—It was aided by the covering of shorts, caught out of position when the market began to rise. Yes, probably.

WHAT does the rise in prices of stocks and bonds portend for the future of business? It can have one good result: by increasing the value of securities held by banks and insurance companies it improves the liquidity of these institutions, diminishes the chance of failures, and may make them less afraid to lend. If there are many sound enterprises stalled because of the refusal of banks to extend credit, this in turn will help to stimulate production and employment. Nobody knows how many such enterprises there are; the "if" is important. Outside of this effect, and aside from whatever vague psychological influence a partial revival of confidence may exert on individual business men, the rising stock market is not necessarily a forerunner of economic revival. History proves fallacious the common belief that the stock market foreshadows business conditions some months in advance. Sometimes it moves simultaneously with business; sometimes it lags behind; sometimes it moves in the opposite direction. So far, the only sound conclusion to be drawn is that financial panic is at least temporarily allayed. The market may logically go up to the point at which yields become more normal. Illogically, it may go beyond this point. In any case there is likely to be a reaction. Real recovery will be a long, slow pull, even if recovery has set in.

WE REGARD with extreme suspicion the reported plans of the administration, under the leadership of Eugene Meyer, to raise prices of wheat, cotton and other commodities by organizing buying pools under private auspices and financing

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them with easy credit. Arthur Cutten, the noted wheat speculator, is said to be in charge of the wheat pool, while a group of cotton mills will, according to rumor, do the cotton buying. There is little doubt that a sufficiently strong pool, backed by enough credit, can temporarily create an upward price tendency in any commodity market. For election purposes this may be enough. But no speculative movement can in the long run negate the effects of demand and supply. If there are still unsalable surpluses of wheat and cotton at the termination of the speculative activity, a severe reaction may be expected, and although this may come after the election, the farmers and the public will suffer in proportion as the Republican party has benefited. It is argued that, in consequence of the small wheat and cotton crops this year, prices are due for a rise anyway. On account of the world situation this prediction is hazardous. But, if it is so, we do not see why private pools are needed to do the buying. This would seem like a golden opportunity for the Farm Board to retrieve its fortunes. Why should the chance for profit in an abnormally low market which is due for a rise be passed over to private enterprise, after the government has held the bag in a falling market? There is no advantage to be gained by passing over a surplus of commodities from a public pool to a private one. Both varieties have the same dangers and the same opportunities.

THE setting up of the Home Loan Banks, authorized in one of the last acts of the late session of Congress, represents another step in the Hoover program for recovery. These banks are meant to provide a rediscount system for mortgages on small homes, similar to the rediscount system for commercial credit embodied in the Federal Reserve Banks. The regional Home Loan Banks can lend on the collateral of first mortgages representing 50 or 60 percent of the value of homes appraised at $20,000 or less. Savings banks, insurance companies and building and loan associations will be the principal beneficiaries. Some of these, suffering from the lapse of interest payments, may be helped by the rediscount privilege in sustaining their liquidity. They may thus be induced to be more lenient with defaulting home owners. But the help will be of small permanent value in situations where the home owners cannot resume payments, and assets must be permanently written down. As a stimulus to new building and hence to business activity, the measure is of little importance compared with a real housing program, because only a small minority of the population can afford to buy individual homes even in normal times.

THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in refusing to lend money to the state of Pennsylvania to supply the immediate lack of funds for unemployment relief, has assumed a heavy responsibility. In spite of the crisis explained in person by Governor Pinchot and representatives of the legislature, the Board of the Corporation declined to lend, on the ground that the state had not exhausted its own powers of taxation. Failure to use specific sales or excise taxes, like one on cigarettes, was cited. This sets the Board up as a judge of state fiscal policies. How can it be sure that a state like Pennsylvania, which in its great industries like steel, coal and textile has certainly suffered as severely as any, has not reached the point of diminishing returns in taxation? Can the Board review with sufficient thoroughness and justice the practices of every state in order to make sound decisions of this sort? The practical outcome of the decision is to make one doubt whether the Administration intends to extend any federal relief at all. Perhaps the desire of Congress to make available emergency relief is to be distorted, and the measure is to be used as a device for saddling on the states the responsibility of starvation. It is quite obvious that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation does not care whether people starve or not, if only the federal taxpayers are protected.

EVENTS in the Far East continue to move at a steady gait toward the same crisis. Only in Manchuria has there been a change of direction. The Japanese have shifted the spearhead of their attack from Siberia on the north toward China proper. They are now threatening to conquer part of Hopei province, south of the Great Wall; perhaps they will try to occupy the two great cities of Tientsin and Peiping. But the Japanese are having their own troubles: in conquered Manchuria there are floods, epidemics, famines and new revolts; the cost of maintaining armies abroad is undermining their finances; on the world market, their currency has lost 47 percent of its par value. Their race for domination in Asia is a race with bankruptcy, and possibly with revolution. In China, the Nationalist government continues its slow disintegration. Wang Ching-wei, whose post corresponded to that of Prime Minister, resigned on August 7 after a fierce denunciation of the Chinese war lords. "I must confess," he said in a telegram to Marshal Chang, "that I am incapable of extracting the flesh and sinews of the people to satisfy your greed." This Prime Minister belongs to the more liberal element of the Chinese bourgeoisie, and his departure seriously weakens whatever popular support the government still possessed.

THE Communist-suppression campaign also continues in China, and continues to be a disastrous failure. On August 3, two of the government's crack divisions deserted to the Reds, carrying with them all their rifles and machine guns. The Chinese Communists have for five years carried on a war in which all their munitions and half their soldiers were furnished by the enemy. During this time they have conquered about a sixth of China, dividing the land among the peasants, setting up

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their own schools, clubs, banks, factories, and establishing a stable government which has so far remained comparatively free from graft. Western observers of Chinese life, even those who write from a conservative point of view, are beginning to prophesy that the whole country will go Communist. They are also beginning to emphasize the difference between Chinese and Russian communism, to the benefit of the former. In this change of tune, the trained reader can discern an impending change of policy. Instead of waging open war against Chinese communism, it is likely that the imperialists will try to corrupt the Communist leaders, a cheaper and more effective means of attaining the same ends. If they succeed, China will remain in its present condition for decades to come. If they fail, and the China Reds continue their advance, the crisis in the Far East will take the form of a conflict, possibly worldwide, between communism and imperialism.

SECRETARY Stimson seems to be the only member of President Hoover's cabinet who retains the power and the courage to act—perhaps he retained it from the earlier and more vigorous generation of Roosevelt. While there has been agitation both in Europe and America for a consultative pact to complete the Pact of Paris, Mr. Stimson with a single speech has created it. The United States, he points out, did consult with the other Powers during the Far Eastern crisis last spring. This created a precedent; it will do so again whenever the occasion arises. Indeed, according to Mr. Stimson, the Pact of Paris itself necessarily implies that the signatories will consult each other if a danger of its violation arises. No further treaty is necessary. We are now justified in regarding the point as settled in international law and practice; there need be no more agitation for consultation. But the further and more fundamental question arises, What is a consultative pact worth? What will the Powers decide to do about a violation when they consult? Obviously they will not apply a general economic boycott; that is too costly. They probably will not apply even an embargo on munitions and absolute contraband, as recommended by Nicholas Murray Butler's committee on economic sanctions. The "Stimson doctrine" declared by the United States, of refusing to recognize the gains of aggression, has not been formally adopted by the other Powers, though up to the present it is being practised in the case of Manchuria. Though this may have some effect, the really important conclusion is that the agreement to keep the peace must rely on something more fundamental than punishment of the aggressor, after a war situation has arisen.

THOUGH little attention has been paid to them in the American press, important events have recently been taking place in India—events which banish completely the hope that peace by agreement is possible in that unhappy land at any time within the visible future. Heretofore, there have been many important Indian politicians, described as Moderates, who have frowned upon the methods of the Indian National Congress and have sought to coöperate with the British government. Today, as a result of the government's policy, these Indian Moderates have withdrawn from all connection with the effort to set up an all-Indian federated government. This means that from now on, as The Manchester Guardian says,

> the government will have to proceed with the work of establishing an all-Indian federation in the face of the bitter hostility of every kind of Indian politician; every kind of Indian newspaper, every kind of organization whereby public opinion is influenced. That is to say, we are back to the time of the Simon Commission. The Round Table Conference has provided a pleasant interlude and many hopeful possibilities, some of which may yet be realized; but once again the cleavage between the government of India and those whose support it must have if representative institutions are to prove workable is complete.

In the meantime, Mr. Gandhi is still in prison, where he is likely to remain for at least another year. The number of his followers who are incarcerated is variously estimated as high as 50,000 persons, many of whom are subjected to indescribable torture and humiliation in the effort to "break their spirit." The Indian press is subject to censorship as drastic as exists in Italy or Russia, and those popular rights of free assemblage and free speech for which the British Empire is supposedly famous have been utterly abolished.

MAYOR Walker has now answered Seabury's charges, Seabury has answered Walker's answer, Walker has replied to Seabury's reply, and Walker is to have a hearing. Governor Roosevelt can scarcely postpone his decision much longer. Fortunately, the irrepressible Jimmie has withdrawn his threat to run for Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket if Mr. Roosevelt ousts him. Tammany would hardly have been afraid of even this final effrontery, but the move looked too much like a challenge which Roosevelt could not do otherwise than accept. Walker's replies were, as Seabury characterizes them, evasions and falsifications. Ten of the fifteen charges against him, the Mayor said, were outlawed because they concerned his first administration. This amounts, as Mr. Seabury replies, to contending, when his honor was impugned, that "he was fortunate enough not to be caught in time." In any case the defense is legally invalid in this instance. What is to be said for the mayor of a great city who, in addition to his $25,000 salary, accepted a "gift" of $250,000 from a prominent publisher, a "gift" of $26,000 from a brokerage firm interested in taxicab legislation, and a $10,000 letter of credit, with a $3,000 overdraft, from a promoter of a bus com-

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pany—even if, as Mayor Walker argues, no services were performed by him in return? These are but a few of the ugly facts proved in the record. Mayor Walker, Tammany and the Mayor's New York supporters seem to think that as long as he can escape being sent to prison, he has done nothing that unfits him for his office. Perhaps this is natural in a society where every one is supposed to make what he can by his own form of racket.

AN IMPORTANT court decision affecting the holders of defaulted real-estate bonds was handed down in New York City last week. Justice Collins of the Supreme Court issued a temporary order enjoining the reorganization plan for the Delmonico Hotel sponsored by S. W. Straus and Company, the organization which had sold the bonds. Justice Collins also ordered that the list of bond holders be made public. His decision sets several precedents which may be of importance in dealing with other real-estate bonds marketed by S. W. Straus and Company, of which it is estimated that some $400,000,000 are now in default. Critics of the reorganization plans have repeatedly charged that these did less than justice to the bond holders. The issuing houses have almost invariably refused to give out the names and addresses of those who bought their bonds, and this fact, it is charged, made it impossible for anyone with an alternative proposal to present it effectively to those who ought to be most interested. The case will be appealed to a higher court and it is possible, of course, that Justice Collins' ruling will be upset. If it is not, it will represent the first important victory for the Seabury Committee, the most recent and best publicized of several groups formed to aid the holders of defaulted bonds.

SECRETARY Lamont's resignation to become president of the Iron and Steel Institute—a job which both parties dislike to call "Czar"—is said to foreshadow an effort of this basic industry to stabilize itself. The outlook for stabilization, on the basis of the reputed plans, does not look rosy. It is said that Mr. Lamont will do something to stop price cutting. Formerly the steel industry was more successful than many others in keeping prices up. But price pegging by a single industry which achieves monopoly control of a market is the very opposite of stabilizing operation and employment. When other prices and incomes are falling, people can buy less steel unless steel prices are correspondingly reduced. You can keep a steady price, in these circumstances, only by drastic cuts of output and employment. Mr. Lamont is supposed also to seek new markets and to push for additional tariff protection. These two efforts will necessarily cancel each other. New markets abroad can be found only by giving foreigners a chance to sell in this country, while a general protective policy tends to raise costs here and injure our competitive position. New markets at home are not likely to be found unless other industries are stimulated by a worldwide revival of trade. If the Steel Institute seeks to stabilize its own industry, it would do well to seek broader measures for steadying the whole economy on which its operation depends.

How Shall We Vote?

PAUL BLANSHARD, in his reply to Matthew Josephson's article on Norman Thomas in our issue of last week, challenges The New Republic to state where it stands in the presidential campaign. Other readers have from time to time inquired for the answer to the same question, without the same implied partisanship. Before discussing the question a few words must be said regarding the editors' conception of the function of the paper in politics.

To many Americans, a presidential campaign is like a horse race or a football game. You pick your winning colors, put your money on them, and root for them to the last ten seconds. Your candidate becomes your hero. Everything he says you expound and defend; everything his opponents say you ridicule and expose. This sort of partisanship never has been, and cannot now be, the function of any critical journal with a pretense to intellectual honesty.

Not to be a complete partisan is, according to American popular ethics, often identified with being a poor sport, a straddler, a man who does not know what he thinks, or is afraid to say what he believes. We must risk being called names of this sort for the sake of the function we seek to fulfill. It is to explore the facts candidly—not in pursuit of an impossible and abstract impartiality, but in pursuit of a set of social goals which seem to us valid. These goals themselves would be compromised if we were less candid and discriminating than we know how to be. As blind partisans, we could not contribute much even to the candidate we favored. As a journal of ideas we may contribute something to the formulation of the tendencies and forces which do end in action.

The job, then, is to assess the various parties and their candidates in order to give a meaning, in the light of social objectives, to what they are and do. This job cannot be completed in a single editorial; we have been engaged at it for months and shall pursue it until the election. The editors do not by any means agree with everything contributors say, nor can it be inferred, as many have done, that if a writer points out a virtue in Franklin D. Roosevelt, we are going to plump for the Democrats, or if another writer describes a defect of Norman Thomas, we are stabbing the Socialists in the back. Such inferences can arise only by applying to our behavior the tests of the horse-race conception of politics. With these reservations, it is possible to summarize our present estimate of the contenders.

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We cannot imagine anything which could make us favor either the Republican party or Mr. Hoover. The party now pursues, and has pursued ever since the birth of the paper, policies which in every important respect are diametrically contrary to ours. Anyone who is satisfied with the way the country has been governed since 1920 and with the present results can logically vote for Mr. Hoover, but we obviously are not of that number.

There is more to be said for the Democrats, but not much more. The party is, as it always has been, a sprawling and disjointed affair combining some of the most reactionary elements in the country with some of the progressive ones. It is incapable of pursuing any unified set of policies, whether good or bad, except under a strong leader like Wilson who knows what he wants and is able to carry the voters with him. In the recent convention the more progressive forces won the control from the more reactionary ones; it is frequently said that the West is now at the Democratic wheel. The nomination of Roosevelt proves at least that the power interests do not control the party.

Nevertheless, the element which won represents a liberalism which is more appropriate to 1912 than to 1932, and the platform is a mass of inconsistencies, a puny answer to the challenge of the times. It is uncertain whether Roosevelt himself will hammer out a really significant program of his own, though some of his tendencies are hopeful. It is still more uncertain whether he has the character and the intellectual power to effectuate whatever he may propose. Roosevelt is an untried jockey on a very lame horse. Perhaps his victory would further a slightly better tendency than that of Hoover. On the other hand it is entirely possible that a rigorous and conservative capitalist government like that of the Republicans would be preferable. At least it would tend to sharpen the issues and place the responsibility for what happens clearly on the American capitalist tradition and the persons who now embody it.

The natural conclusion would therefore seem to favor Thomas and the Socialists. If there can be no gain from either Democratic or Republican victory sufficient to outweigh long-term considerations of policy, you do not "throw away your vote" by casting it for a party which, though it cannot win this time, may win in the future—provided you believe the party can win some day, and provided you approve its principles. The Socialist party's proposals for governing the country, if it should ever take power, are deficient in detail but represent a tendency which appears to lie in the main line of social evolution. Capitalism as we have known it will certainly not persist forever, and the coming order is sure to be, as a matter of broad description, a socialistic one. The Socialist platform is closer in almost every respect to what The New Republic has been advocating than any of the others. This is, for instance, the only party which supports national economic planning in the interest of the common man. Even if one were much further from agreeing with the Socialist planks than we are, it is a weighty consideration that the larger the Socialist vote is, the more circumspect will be the behavior of the party which wins.

Though these facts are sufficient to justify a vote for Thomas in this election, they do not necessitate enthusiastic loyalty to the Socialist party. The party is not one which is now making a real bid for power; it is an agitational minority. It can never make a real bid for power until, like the old parties, it is based, not on good intentions or doctrine, but on organized interests. In other words, it must have behind it organized labor, organized white-collar workers, organized farmers, organized technicians; what classes you will, provided they stand to gain by a society planned for the majority interest rather than by competition for private profit. The Socialists are, of course, as loyal to the idea of such a party as we are—and as we have been, it may be said, ever since 1920—but everyone, including their own leaders, admits that they are not such a party. It is probable that there is work to be done in making possible such a party which they are not doing, or are doing badly. We agree with Mr. Josephson that a defect of Mr. Thomas and of his followers in bringing about this result is too much emphasis on the traditional process of conversion through preaching. First you convince the sinner and win him to a new faith, then he votes for you, and then you usher in the Socialist commonwealth. We have no confidence that social change really works this way. The New Republic's chief contribution to the process of social change, whatever it is worth, must be made not in advising people how to vote every four years, but between campaigns. It must be made in reporting and interpreting events, in helping to formulate a background of ideas on the basis of which people may think and act in every field of endeavor, in pointing out what are the significant currents of social evolution, so that man's will may use them. This policy is not susceptible of definition by a one-dimensional measure of politics. We are not, as Mr. Blanshard charges, to the "right" of Mr. Thomas, any more than we are to the "left" of him. In spite of doubts concerning the Socialist party as an instrument, however, there can be little lost and much gained by swelling its vote in this election.

There remains the Communist party. The obvious comment is that to vote for a Communist President is to act a contradiction. The Communists do not believe they ever will elect a President; they do not believe in the possibility of doing anything to change a capitalist state by political action. A Communist vote is therefore merely a registration of belief in a future violent revolution, as well as of confidence in the Communist tactics for organizing the class struggle. For reasons un-

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necessary to enter upon here, the Communists do not appear to be having much more success at this task than do the Socialists. Their legitimacy will appear only if the revolutionary situation which they predict arises, and then only if they grasp the leadership of the revolutionary forces. All this may happen, but we are far from certain that it will. As a mere moral warning to the other parties, a Communist vote—if it were counted—would doubtless have somewhat more effect than a Socialist one.

These are the main choices now before the voter. If he thinks as we do, he cannot decide on any one of them with complete confidence. And he will know that, however he votes, what happens in the next few years is not going to be greatly affected by his decision. It is the social and economic forces behind the politicians which really count. You can't stave off a revolution even by voting for Hoover, nor can you advance it a single hour by marking a cross in front of Foster's name. It will not be possible to make a vote count much until the forces are lined up and the issues are clear.

Leftbound Local

THERE has been so much discussion of writers "going left" that one can't help picturing a mass literary movement toward communism. It would seem that thousands of writers together, each with his portable typewriter, had boarded an express bound for Moscow and points left, zooming through Russia at eighty miles an hour toward a destination in some nonexistent country where the revolution is permanently enthroned and Stalin seems a pettifogging reactionary. Is there any truth at all in the cartoon? Have writers really "gone left" since 1929, and if so, how far have they traveled?

In its summer issue, The Modern Quarterly prints a questionnaire dealing with the relation between literature and politics in the present crisis. Fifteen writers have answered it more or less completely. None of the answers comes from a Humanist and none from a member of the Communist party, with which the editor of The Modern Quarterly is in bad odor. There are more critics than novelists or poets among the fifteen writers, and most of them are New Yorkers. Having noted these facts, and having made the further reservation that people must be deeply interested in problems like this before filling out a long questionnaire, one may accept the answers as giving a cross section of American literary opinion in the summer of 1932. Just what do they show?

They show, for example, that American writers are much more in agreement than anyone would suspect from reading their books. To the first question, *"Do you believe that American capitalism is doomed to inevitable failure and collapse?"* twelve writers answer Yes. Dr. Canby believes that some of its manifestations are doomed. Percy Holmes Boynton thinks it to be merely endangered. Only Henry Hazlitt of The Nation gives an unqualified No. On the other hand, nobody feels certain that capitalism will collapse within the next decade. "There seems a surprising life in it."—"Give the old horse more than ten years."

The second question has to do with the writer's relation to the social crisis: *"Should he keep out of it or should he participate?"* It is significant that nobody who answers this question takes the ivory-tower attitude. Eight believe that he ought to participate; four are inclined to leave the choice to the individual writer. Three others believe that the individual has no choice. Says Granville Hicks: "It is like asking a man in a lake if he ought to get wet." Says John Dos Passos: "Stay out of it—how the hell can he? It will participate in him, right in the neck."

The third question, dealing with art and propaganda, was badly phrased and brought no significant replies, but the fourth, a double question, was extremely interesting. *"Do you believe that becoming a Communist deepens an artist's work? Would not becoming a Socialist have the same effect?"* Most of the writers feel that "becoming a communist," in the sense of accepting a communistic philosophy, would add something to one's work; even Henry Hazlitt and Dr. Canby concur in this statement, with reservations. But becoming a capitalized Communist, in the sense of actually joining the party and obeying its discipline, is a different matter entirely. Says John Dos Passos: "I don't see how a novelist or historian could be a party member under present conditions. The Communist party ought to produce some good pamphleteers or poets. By the way, where are they?"

As for becoming a Socialist, only two of the writers think that it would have any effect whatever. Among the others, the unanimity of opinion is surprising. Says Hartley Grattan: "Socialism has become too deeply implicated in the capitalistic outlook to provide a firm direction." Sherwood Anderson: "The artist would also like to think of himself as ready to die for what he believes." Newton Arvin: "Socialism does not imply an abandonment of his class attitudes." Edwin Seaver: "A writer can be anything from a fake bohemian to a lawyer for the oil trust and still be a Socialist." Granville Hicks: "Though Socialism may give the effect of a cause, its obvious futility soon rouses disgust." And John Dos Passos: "Becoming a Socialist right now would have just about the same effect on anybody as drinking a bottle of near-beer."

The fifth question involved a literary prophecy: *"Which path will American literature tend to follow in the next decade?"* Several of the writers refuse to be prophets, but most of the others either feel or hope that the first path, "that of Dos Passos and Michael Gold," will be the one chosen. There are two or three votes for the second path, "that of Robinson Jeffers and Eugene O'Neill." Much

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bitterness is shown toward Thornton Wilder, James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer, the other writers mentioned. The sixth and last question has to do with the near possibility of a proletarian literature in America. The only thing the answers to it prove is that the term "proletarian literature" is a Moscow immigrant still to be naturalized; most American writers hardly know what it means, and care still less.

In general the questionnaire seems to show that the "leftward swing" of American writers is a reality. Three years ago, these fifteen critics and novelists were classified either as liberals or else as men wholly uninterested in politics. Today, most of them distrust the Socialists for being too conservative, too much involved in the present system. The writers themselves believe that the system is doomed —but not tomorrow or within ten years. They sympathize with the Communists, but not to the extent of wishing to join the party. Their change of opinion seems to indicate that American literature is about to assume a different character. But it isn't true that all of them have simultaneously boarded the Red Express; the train in which they are traveling might better be described as a leftbound local.

Political Insanity

IN MADISON, Wisconsin—a liberal center far from the realms of King Coal and King Cotton —Elmer Luchterhand, formerly a distinguished student of the state university, was declared insane and committed to a state asylum because of his relief activities as a Communist leader. This is the third recent case in which action on minority principles has led to a legal judgment of insanity. Commitment is an old device, long associated with quarrelsome heirs and greedy guardians; but its application to the suppression of radicals is new and perilous. The suspicion of railroading is unavoidable; the assertion of the competence and impartiality of the experts responsible is unfailing. It is a real and pressing question how far our legal procedure is susceptible to the unconscious class prejudice and class stereotypes of the "experts."

Arrested on a minor charge, Luchterhand was ordered held for mental examination when a judge of the superior court read as a "death threat" a few notes found in Luchterhand's cell. These notes contained the name of one Wahl, a county supervisor, whom Luchterhand intended to interview about relief, and the phrase, "Expect Wahl to leave home. Proposal to . . ." The "threat" interpretation, which appears to have originated with the excitable judge, was labeled "peculiar" by the asylum staff, whose report states that the notes were explained "in a satisfactory manner." Yet on the basis of that misinterpretation Luchterhand was ordered examined as to his sanity: and largely on the basis of the sheriff's highly colored testimony before the examination occurred, the alienists found Luchterhand insane.

The remainder of the evidence for the verdict is to be found in the written record of the examination, which reveals less the mental state of the patient than the ignorance and the professional jargon on which our expert testimony is often based. The questions were confined largely to the prisoner's politics. Luchterhand's justifiable charge that he was being railroaded is written down as "delusions of persecution." Under "mental conditions of patient" is recorded, not a diagnosis, but an epithet: "'Fanatical in regard to political ideas, bent to overthrow the present bourgois [sic] social order." The "conduct of patient" is described simply as "forcing his own ideas of relief measures upon legal authorities," his own ideas being seven relief proposals common to most unemployed councils, but called "obviously paranoid" by the psychiatrists. They also state that, since the proposals are impractical, their sponsor is merely courting defeat to indulge a martyr complex. Finally, under the statutory heading, "In our opinion the patient has the following dangerous tendencies," Luchterhand is charged (on the basis of the threat note!) with "using forceful and criminal means in trying to achieve his political and social aims."

The haphazard verdict of insanity was reversed six days later by the asylum examiners, whose report reveals a thorough and thoughtful examination. They found Luchterhand without "delusions" and without "psychosis" of any sort: and when, in response to pressure from various liberal sources, the judge ordered Luchterhand's release, the asylum staff signed the order, an action which they would not have taken if there had been reasonable grounds for holding the patient for further observation.

The importance of the affair lies in the obvious fact that the same fate may befall anyone who acts upon minority beliefs. The whole procedure was approximately legal and utterly routine; the action of the experts was without either malice or forethought. It is imperative for the defense of civil liberties in this country that the law regulating such procedures be examined and made proof, so far as possible, against expert ignorance and the belief that everybody's crazy who doesn't vote the straight Republican ticket.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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Is German Democracy Dead?[1]

A GREAT nation, to which most of us look up as the possessor of the most highly trained intelligence in Europe, seems to find democracy an unworkable system. That is the reflection that haunts me on the eve of the German elections and it may be worth closer examination. It may be a too hasty conclusion, but if it is a reasonable comment on the facts, then what conclusion must we draw? Are we to say that the failure is explained by a series of historical accidents, chief among them the Versailles Treaty, which loaded on to the back of the Republic and its defenders the responsibility for all the miseries and humiliations that Germany has endured? Or must we conclude that in a time like ours, with its sharp class conflicts and its call for fundamental reconstruction, the machinery of democracy is itself an inadequate instrument? The question may admit at the moment of no decided answer and yet it may be one which we ought to keep in our minds, interrogating the present and peering into the future.

Is it, however, a hasty and premature question? I do not think so. I do not know, as I write, the result of these elections, and may be mistaken in assuming that it will be indecisive. By one adroit maneuver or another the anticipated deadlock in the Reichstag may be overcome and a remodeled ministry on Papen-Schleicher lines may be enabled to govern without breaking the letter of the Constitution. One can imagine several events which might alter the surface of this highly unstable situation. It is even conceivable that one year hence, or two, or five, Germany will still be described in books of reference as a parliamentary republic. Even then I should still press my question. Can you say that this Republic survives by the consent of its citizens, when in fact a majority of them belong (as the presidential election proved) to parties which despise it and seek to destroy it? Nazis and Communists may cut each others' throats daily, but they agree in rejecting parliamentary democracy. Again, though it is conceivable that the Reichstag, by some contortion of compromise, may just continue to remain in being, it cannot function effectively as a parliament, and has not so functioned for over two years. At the best it serves as a registry for emergency legislation. Finally we have reached the point at which compromise can only recognize, after the fact, the dictates of armed power. The realities are the machine guns of the army, the carbines of the police and the bludgeons of Hitler's gangsters: the rest is servility and sham. This Republic is republican only in the sense in which China or Turkey or Venezuela may claim that adjective.

The onlooker who contends that democracy in Germany has had to function through fourteen years under impossible external conditions can present a powerful and perhaps a conclusive case. In spite of Germany's intelligence and her enviable level of education, not all the internal conditions were favorable. Her historical tradition trained her for submission: the mortality among her leaders has been abnormal, for Erzberger, Rathenau, Eisner and Haase were murdered, and Stresemann died in middle age. The main fact is, however, that the external world, as if of set purpose, conspired to discredit the Republic. The Empire expired after a few weeks of barely realized defeat, with a superb record of military achievement, broken only in a collapse so sudden that it hardly impressed the popular memory. It was the Republic that had to cede its territories, disband its armies, shoulder the load of reparations, submit to the humiliation of a helot status and lie down passive under the invasion of the Ruhr. When the middle class saw its fortunes destroyed by the inflation of the currency, itself the consequence of reparations, could it fail to turn against a regime which had degraded its standards only a little less cruelly than Communism has lowered the position of the Russian intelligentsia?

Again, the external world by the relative failure of the League of Nations and its own refusal to disarm, discredited the pacifism and internationalism of the German Republican parties. They put their trust first in Mr. Wilson, then in the League and finally in the British Labor party, and always they were disappointed. Cool heads called them dupes or unpractical idealists: hot heads called them traitors. It is true that revision did come, but always grudgingly, partially and too late.

Finally, this external world staged at the least appropriate moment the crisis of the general slump. Of what use was it that the Rhineland was free, Germany inside the League and even reparations on the eve of disappearance, while Germans weltered in intolerable poverty? So much of this economic misery could plausibly be ascribed to reparations, that it seemed to be a part of the price of defeat, one evidence the more of the jealousy of this external world. Inevitably the response was the growth of a furious nationalism, which has shed all the illusions of liberalism and pacifism, and seeks to restore the future by discipline, rearmament and a reliance upon force.

[1] Mr. Brailsford's article was written, as he says, before the German election of July 31. That election bore out strikingly the prophecies he makes in his article. More than 50 percent of those who voted declared themselves opposed to the Republic, either as Communists or reactionaries.—THE EDITORS.

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This state of mind may think in terms of the old Junker tradition, of Fascism or of Communism, but unanimously it condemns republican democracy, after the experience of half a generation, as a failure. It is highly probable that the majority of the German electorate would never have reached this state of mind if the Peace Treaty had aimed at conciliation, or even if the process of revision had been swifter by two or three years. One asks whether any political system, above all a novel system, without traditions or glories, could have survived such treatment from the external world.

At this point I pull myself up critically. This apologia for democracy seems to assume that it is a fair-weather system, which might have thriven in a calm, but cannot survive persistent storms. But one can point to a system, much more novel than parliamentary democracy, without traditions or ancient glories, which has survived incomparably worse treatment from the external world. Is there, then, a vitality in the Soviet system which democracy lacks? That is much too simple-minded an answer, but the comparison on which we have stumbled may be worth some further analysis.

There was much in common in the situations of Germany and Russia during this period, but among the salient differences one, to my thinking, stands out above the rest. Germany has been involved from first to last in a class struggle which often threatened to break the framework of democracy. In Russia the class struggle was decided with the end of the civil war in the winter of 1920-21. During twelve years Russia has obeyed the collective will of her organized workers: whatever mistakes it has made, whatever the defects of its theory or the inefficiency of its practice, at least it has been able to move this vast mass in a consistent direction with relatively little friction or diffusion of energy. This internally united system has been able, in consequence, to reorganize itself from top to bottom on a new plan, in spite of the hostility of the external world.

Germany shows by comparison a spectacle of indecision and unstable equilibrium. The working class under Social Democratic leadership was for a time in control, but did not dare to establish socialism, nor yet to root out its class enemies from the seats of power. It talked of breaking up the great feudal estates of Prussia and of nationalizing the coal mines, but did not venture to act: rather it lost ground, for the railroads reverted to private ownership. It was content to fortify itself behind a frail political barricade: it trusted the ballot and put its men into administrative offices. Real power, both economic and military, it left to its opponents, who were still its employees and still controlled the army and the armed police. It seemed, as life grew grayer around it, to lose confidence and ambition. It became an item in an endless series of ministerial coalitions with the more moderate of its opponents. It began by making its own man, Ebert, President of the Republic: at the second contest it supported the Catholic Marx in the hope of keeping the Junker Hindenburg out: at the third it supported Hindenburg in order to defeat the Nazi Hitler. All the time it has been in retreat and on the defensive, but it was defending not socialism but liberalism. The strength of the working class behind it was in consequence dissipated by its implacable feud with the Communists.

As the Social Democrats retreated, so the power of the hostile middle class grew, and took a resolutely militant shape. The Nazis are double-dyed nationalists, "Boxers" in the Chinese sense, but primarily they aim at destroying the labor unions, and breaking the political and industrial power of the organized manual workers. They reflect the jealousy of the impoverished middle class, which has seen its own standard sink till it approaches that of the unskilled laborers. It is true that Hitler denounces class war, as Mussolini did, but that is the one joke of this solemn charlatan; he wages it relentlessly, and kills on an average three Communists daily. The broad fact is now that the even balance of the electorate has reduced the Reichstag to impotence, and from the confusion emerges the fact that the reality of power has returned to the old ruling class with the army at its call and the gangsters in its pay. The Social Democrats lost their chance at the start of reorganizing on a socialist plan: the attempt will now be made by Junkers and Fascists to dragoon Germany upon a capitalist plan.

If this is a fair statement of the facts, the conclusion is not, I think, that democracy has failed. Democracy was all along an irrelevance. The processes of voting and debating did not settle the fundamental issue of power: they merely served to bemuse the working masses, while the militant middle and upper class prepared itself to reverse the incomplete revolution of 1918. It is true that the external world has helped the old ruling class back into the saddle. Unconsciously, it too may have been waging the class war. The record is singular. Europe would yield nothing to Germany while she still had a socialist President and socialist ministries: it yielded a little, grudgingly, to the middle-class republican Stresemann: it gave way with an approach to generosity to the Junker von Papen. Was that chance, or was it the obscure working of class solidarity?

I will not attempt to draw a conclusion, still less to point a moral. We are not yet at the end of this singular chapter of history. I am content to say that however it ends, it summons us to do some hard thinking about democracy and the class struggle, and the relationship of political stability to economic and military power.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

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Casanova

WHY has Casanova attracted so little attention in English? So far as I know there is only Havelock Ellis's essay, and that does not go very far into the subject. S. Guy Endore's book, though a good piece of work in its way, is only a popular biography. Yet Casanova was a most remarkable man, who had some of the qualities of greatness. The Prince de Ligne listed his name with those of Louis XV, Frederick the Great, Beaumarchais, d'Alembert and Hume as among the most interesting men he had known, and the great sharper belongs in that company.

When we begin reading Casanova's "Memoirs," we think he is amusing but cheap; but we end by being impressed by him. He was a type who was very familiar in the America of the boom period: in our time he might have had the career of a Rothstein or a Nicky Arnstein or a Dapper Don Tourbillon, but he would have far transcended the sphere of such men and he would have felt for them the uneasy scorn that he felt for St. Germain and Cagliostro. For Casanova was only half of the underworld—he lived half in darkness, half in light. But the sound and superior part of him was always insecure because it was based on knavery: hence his succession of misadventures and the final unsatisfactoriness of his life. Casanova was an uncomfortable man—he could never make his life come right. And it makes us uncomfortable to read about him.

Yet, as I say, he commands our respect. There has been an immense amount of controversy as to whether Casanova told the truth in connection with this or that incident and a good many inaccuracies have been proved on him. But whether he falsified the facts unconsciously or deliberately makes very little difference. In his own way Casanova was truthful; it may even be said that one of his most admirable traits—not as a man but as a writer—was a fidelity to truth. He may have invented some of the adventures of the "Memoirs," but his story follows reality for all that. Someone has said that if the "Memoirs" is a novel, Casanova is the greatest novelist who ever lived. Though he was personally extremely vain, he certainly spares himself as little as any other autobiographer on record. It is not true, as the popular legend seems to have it, that he represents himself as triumphing easily over innumerable women. On the contrary, he will sometimes devote the better part of a volume to a detailed description of some siege in which he ignominiously failed. His primary aim is not to glorify himself but to tell a good story that illustrates how people behave, the way life works out.

When other writers borrow from Casanova, they are likely to romanticize or sentimentalize him where Casanova's great virtue is his realism. I remember, for example, a play of a few years ago written around the Henriette episode. Henriette was a young French girl who had run away from home in men's clothes and whom Casanova met in his own youthful travels. She was the first French girl he had known, the first *"jeune fille spirituelle,"* and his love affair with her had a freshness and seriousness and excitement that none had ever had for him before and none was ever to have again. He had money at the time and was able to buy her a whole wardrobe of pretty clothes. They went to Parma together and lived in style. Casanova bought a box at the opera and they took the air in the public gardens with the royalties—until she was recognized by one of the courtiers, who made her go back to her family. Casanova's account of this episode is one of the most attractive love affairs in literature. When he and Henriette have finally had to part, at Geneva, he finds that she has written with her diamond on the window of their room at the inn: "You will forget Henriette too." Now the play I speak of exploited this story and then followed it with a sentimental sequel made up out of the whole cloth by the author, in which Casanova was shown coming back to the inn many years later to find Henriette grown old with a son who turns out to be his.

But what happens in the "Memoirs" is quite different. Casanova does come back to the inn, middle-aged, down on his luck and with an exasperating venereal disease. He has forgotten about staying there with Henriette, he does not even remember the room they had had until he sees the writing on the window. "Remembering in a flash," he writes, "the moment when Henriette had written those words thirteen years before, I felt the hair stand up on my head. . . . Overcome, I dropped into a chair. . . . Comparing myself now to myself as I had been then, I had to recognize that I was less worthy now to possess her. I still know how to love, but I realized I had no longer the delicacy that I had had in those earlier days, nor the feelings which really justify the transports of the senses, nor the same tender ways, nor finally a certain probity which extends even to one's weaknesses; but what frightened me was to realize that I no longer had the same vigor."

Years afterwards, while he is traveling in Provence, his coach breaks down in the middle of the night and some people who live near the road take him in. The mistress of the house hides her face in the hood she has worn out of doors—then as soon as they have gotten into the house sprains her ankle and takes to her bed, so that Casanova

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can only wait upon her in her room and talk to her through the bed-curtains. He does not find out till after he has left that the countess is Henriette, who has grown so fat she does not want him to see her. But he has been traveling with a tough little Venetian girl of bisexual capabilities and the countess carries on a flirtation with her and finally makes her sleep with her. This is all life has left of their romance.

The real theme of Casanova is the many things a life may hold—the many roles a man may play and the changes brought by time. I have never read a book—either autobiography or fiction—which seems to give you a life so completely. I know of no book which shows so strikingly the rhythmic recurrences which character produces in personal destiny. Casanova's adventures are always different but always the same thing. He arrives in some new place, he puts himself over, he achieves brilliant social successes or performs dashing deeds, his best qualities and gifts have full scope, then he overplays his hand or misses his step or something discreditable is discovered about him and he has to make his getaway. What really happened, one supposes, was that there was something about him in the long run that made people find him intolerable. And his love affairs have their pattern too: when the responsibility of the ladies becomes onerous, he marries them off if he can; if not, gently lets the affair lapse.

The first part of the story is funny and gay—it has a Venetian carnival liveliness; the last part, in spite of the eighteenth-century rapidity and dryness with which it is told, is almost unbearably sad. Casanova can hardly bring himself to finish it. The manuscript as we have it does not cover the whole of the period indicated by Casanova in the title: it stops just as he is returning to Venice, but gets him no farther than Trieste. He had been banished by the Inquisition and was able to get back only at the price of acting in turn as a spy for them. It was the most humiliating episode in his life; and he has told us several times that he is not sure he will have the courage to go through with his original project. He may also have been guilty of a Freudian oversight in dropping out two chapters near the end. They were missing in the Brockhaus manuscript, but were later found by Arthur Symons at Dux. And they turn out to contain the dismal climax of Casanova's adventure with two girls upon whom he had been trying to use an old and well tried technique of his. He had discovered that you could do a good deal with girls if you took them in pairs to masquerades; but on this occasion the girls did not fall and Casanova before the evening was over got mercilessly razzed by the masqueraders.

Yet in his final asylum at Dux, where he was left alone by his patron and bedeviled by the servants and where he contemplated suicide, he did get down most of the story. It is one of the most remarkable presentations in literature of a man's individual life as it seems to him in the living. All the appetites are there—fine dinners, attractive women, amusements; and the exhilaration of travel, of fighting for one's personal pride, of conquest in the world, of the winning of wealth and consideration. And the exhilaration of liberty: there is something more in Casanova's escape from the Leads, fabricated or not, than the mere tale of an exciting adventure. Casanova somehow makes it an expression of the hatred of the human spirit for jails, of the will to be free that breaks away in spite of the remonstrances of reason (in the person of the appalled old count who refuses to join the others and keeps telling them why they can't succeed).

There is even the appetite of the intellect—the great raconteur loved the conversation of the intelligentsia—d'Alembert, Voltaire; and the master gambler was an amateur mathematician. And when one can have no more brilliant dinners and make love to no more women, when one has no longer appreciative companions to listen to one's stories and can no longer travel and try one's luck—one can at least summon one's intellectual resources, work at problems, write one's memoirs—one can still test one's nerve and strength by making a record of life as one has found it, with all its anticlimax and scandal, one's own impossible character and all. The writing of the "Memoirs" represented a real victory of the intellect and spirit. Scoundrels like Casanova do not usually put themselves on record, and when they do they are usually at pains to profess the morality of respectable people. There is a certain amount of this, as we shall see in a moment, in the "Memoirs"; but when all Casanova's obeisances to the established authorities have been made, life itself in his story turns out to be an outlaw like him. He confesses in his preface that he considers it a creditable deed to fleece a fool; and in reading him, we get to a point where we feel actual impatience when Casanova's prospective victims fail to fall for his confidence games. The "Memoirs" he said he feared were *"par trop cynique"* ever to be published. And he was apparently partly right: the original manuscript still lies locked up in Brockhaus's vaults in Leipzig and no one knows what the editors may have omitted.

The "Memoirs," then, required the courage of an original point of view—and they required also pretty deep feeling. Has any novelist or poet ever rendered better than Casanova the passing glory of the personal life?—the gayety, the spontaneity, the generosity of youth: the ups and downs of middle age when our character begins to get us and we are forced to come to terms with it; the dreadful blanks of later years, when what is gone is gone. All that a life of this kind can contain Casanova put into his story. How much of the world!—the eighteenth century as you get it in no other book; society from top to bottom; Europe from England to Russia; a more brilliant variety

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of characters perhaps than in any eighteenth-century novel.

But the interests of such a man are limited. Casanova knew better than anyone how the world and how one's personal vicissitudes went. But he had very little imagination for the larger life of society. He saw the corruption of the old regime in France and commented on it after the Revolution, but he had never been among those who wanted to see the old regime go. On the contrary—like a Rothstein—he was content with the world as he found it. Though the Inquisition had nearly done for him, he never ceased to treat it with respect and was willing in his last bad days to turn informer and report to the Inquisitors—though rather inefficiently, it appears—on naked models in the Venetian art-schools and indecent and ungodly books in the libraries. Though he had at other times called himself a "philosopher" and in his speculative writings had vaguely foreshadowed Darwinism, he had never criticized Church or State. He accepted all the current worldly values—the hierarchies, institutions, dominations. He never questioned, never protested, defended his honor according to the code but never brought up in connection with anything the principle of a larger issue. Casanova's originality was largely confined to a sort of personal effrontery which, having persisted all through his life in spite of repeated attempts at reform, had ended by acquiring a certain intellectual dignity when he had found finally that all his struggles to make himself a place in society were vain and that this was the only companion who was left him in his solitude at Dux.

A man of superior intelligence as he knew himself to be, he had always aimed at the good things of the world as the rich and powerful judged good things. What he really wanted, to be sure, was something different from what they wanted. He did not really care about social position or financial security: what he enjoyed was the adventure of playing a role, creating a situation; whereas the powerful and the rich only wanted to follow their routine. But his drama was usually conceived in terms of their values. It was the cheap side of him, the lackey in him, which did not look beyond the habits of his masters.

And this is a part of the explanation of the fact that Casanova has attracted comparatively so little serious attention. In English of course it is his scandalous reputation which has made him practically taboo—so that until the recent popular edition of Arthur Machen's translation[1] he was unknown to the English-reading public except in volumes of erotic excerpts in libraries of classic pornography. But in general it may be said that what is good in Casanova makes serious readers too uncomfortable and what is inferior disgusts them too much for him to become an academic classic. There are a whole host of people on the continent studying Casanova for all they are worth; but Casanovists seem almost in the category of stamp and coin collectors and people who devote their lives to looking for buried Spanish treasure in the Southwest: they are preoccupied with verifying dates and tracking down identities. Casanova, fascinating as he is, does not lead to anything bigger than himself. Compare him with Rousseau, for example. Rousseau was a much less attractive man and his "Confessions" are infinitely less readable than Casanova's "Memoirs." At his best, to my taste at any rate, he is still pretty flavorless and Swiss. Yet the Geneva clockmaker's son in a situation not unlike Casanova's—he had been a vagabond, a thief, a hanger-on of the great, who had suffered as a battered-about apprentice, a servant in rich men's houses—made an issue of his maladjustment. Casanova could show considerable strength of character in compelling the great to treat him as an equal—as when he forced Count Branicki to fight a duel and afterwards made a friend of him; but it never seems to have occurred to the actor's son after he had come any of his croppers masquerading as a great lord to say: "I am better at being a great lord than you people are yourselves—for I have the personality and the brains and the imagination to create such a gorgeous great lord as your silly conventional society never dreamed of—hence I am superior to you and hence do not need to compete with you!" Whereas Rousseau finally came to the conclusion that the times must be out of joint when Rousseau found himself so uncomfortable. From the moment of his sudden revelation, on the way to see Diderot at Vincennes, that man was by nature good and that it was institutions alone that had corrupted him, that all his own miseries had been due not to his own perversity but to the sins of the society that had bred him—from this moment he stuck to his point at the price of resigning from that society, of exiling himself even from those circles in which the other eighteenth-century philosophers had found so pleasant a welcome and so sympathetic a hearing.

You may say that it was Rousseau's neurotic character which prevented him from getting on with people and that he took it out on society in consequence; and you may say that Casanova was at least as near to an accurate account of the situation when he attributed his own misfortunes to his faults. But the fact was that Rousseau had been led to a general truth by his individual case and, in spite of his ignominious adventures, had the dignity and courage of one who knows it. He was one of those who, in opposing themselves to the prevalent philosophy of their time, find that they have behind them a great pressure of unformulated general feeling and who themselves prevail as the spokesmen of the following age.

When Casanova came with a lady of quality to pay a visit to Rousseau in his retirement, they

[1] The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. Two vols. 2216 pages. $5.

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found him lacking in affability and failed to get very much out of him, though Casanova admitted that Rousseau talked intelligently. Madame d'Urfé thought him a boor and they laughed about him after they left. Casanova, ignoring his many humiliations, was still trying to crash the gate; whereas Rousseau had been hammering with his lever of the Revolution. EDMUND WILSON.

This is the first of a series of eight articles. In the second, Mr. Wilson will discuss Joseph de Maistre.—THE EDITORS.

The Flight of the Bonus Army

WHEN THE veterans of the Bonus Army first tried to escape, they found that the bridges into Virginia were barred by soldiers and the Maryland roads blocked against them by state troopers. They wandered from street to street or sat in ragged groups, the men exhausted, the women with wet handkerchiefs laid over their smarting eyes, the children waking from sleep to cough and whimper from the tear gas in their lungs. The flames behind them were climbing into the night sky. About four in the morning, as rain began to fall, they were allowed to cross the border into Maryland, on condition that they moved as rapidly as possible into another state.

The veterans were expected to disperse to their homes—but most of them had no homes, and they felt that their only safety lay in sticking together. Somehow the rumor passed from group to group that the mayor of Johnstown had invited them to his city. And they cried, as they rode toward Pennsylvania or marched in the dawn twilight along the highways, "On to Johnstown."

Their shanties and tents had been burned, their personal property destroyed, except for the few belongings they could carry on their backs; many of their families were separated, wives from husbands, children from parents. Knowing all this, they still did not appreciate the extent of their losses. Two days before, they had regarded themselves, and thought the country regarded them, as heroes trying to collect a debt long overdue. They had boasted about their months or years of service, their medals, their wounds, their patriotism in driving the Reds out of their camp; they had nailed an American flag to every hut. When threatened with forcible eviction, they answered that no American soldier would touch them: hadn't a detachment of Marines (consisting, some said, of twenty-five or thirty men, though others claimed there were two whole companies) thrown down its arms and refused to march against them? But the infantry, last night, had driven them out like so many vermin. Mr. Hoover had announced that "after months of patient indulgence, the government met overt lawlessness as it always must be met if the cherished processes of self-government are to be preserved." Mr. Hoover and his subordinates, in their eagerness to justify his action, were about to claim that the veterans were Red radicals, that they were the dregs of the population, that most of them had criminal records and, as a final insult, that half of them weren't veterans at all.

They would soon discover the effect of these official libels. At Somerset, on the Lincoln Highway, some of them asked for food. "We can't give you any," said a spokesman for the business men. "The President says that you're rebels—don't you understand? You're all outlaws now." A veteran's wife and children were refused admission to a hotel, even though they offered to pay for a room in advance. At Johnstown, the wealthier citizens were dismayed to hear of their arrival. Possibly half the workmen in the city were unemployed; a fifth or a sixth of the population was in need of charity. Ten thousand hungry people were a threat in themselves, but the editor of The Johnstown Tribune was about to conjure up new terrors. He wrote:

> Johnstown faces a crisis. It must prepare to protect itself from the Bonus Army concentrating here at the invitation of Mayor Eddie McCloskey. . . .
>
> In any group of the size of the Bonus Army, made up of men gathered from all parts of the country, without discipline, without effective leadership in a crisis, without any attempt on the part of those leaders to check up the previous records of the individuals who compose it, there is certain to be a mixture of undesirables—thieves, plug-uglies, degenerates. . . . The community must protect itself from the criminal fringe of the invaders.
>
> Booster clubs, community organizations of every sort, volunteer organizations if no sectional group is available, should get together in extraordinary sessions and organize to protect property, women and possibly life.
>
> It is no time for halfway measures. . . .

The heroes of 1918, now metamorphosed into "thieves, plug-uglies, degenerates," were preparing to gather in the outskirts of the city, in the camp site offered them at Ideal Park. And the leading citizens, aided by the state police, were planning to use any means short of violence to keep them from reaching it. Mr. Hoover's proclamation had done its work.

At Jennerstown is a barracks of the Pennsylvania State Police, looking for all the world like a fashionable roadhouse. In front of the barracks is a traffic light. The road ahead leads westward

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over Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge; the right-hand road leads nineteen miles northward into Johnstown. It was the task of the state troopers to keep the Bonus Army moving west over the mountains, toward Ligonier and the Ohio border.

In half an hour on Saturday morning, I saw more than a thousand veterans pass through Jennerstown—that is, more than fifty trucks bearing an average of twenty men apiece. Later I was told that the procession continued at irregular intervals until Sunday evening. The troopers would wait at the intersection, twenty men on their motorcycles like a school of swift gray sharks, till they heard that a convoy was approaching; then they would dart off to meet it in a cloud of dust and blue gasoline smoke, with their hats cutting the air like so many fins. One of the troopers stayed behind to manipulate the traffic light. As the trucks came nearer, he would throw a switch that changed it into a mere yellow blinker, so that all of them could shoot past the intersection without slackening speed. They were full of ragged men, kneeling, standing unsteadily, clinging to the sideboards; there was no room to sit down. Behind each truck rode a trooper, and there were half a dozen others mingled with the crowd that watched from in front of a filling station.

The contrast between these homeless veterans, hatless, coatless, unshaven, half-starved—most of them hadn't eaten or slept for thirty-six hours, a few hadn't had so much as a drink of water—and the sleekly uniformed, smug, well nourished troopers who were herding them past their destination, produced a sharp effect on the crowd of backwoods farmers, who otherwise cared little about the Bonus March.

"Hey, buddies," they shouted, "turn right, turn right. Johnstown"—pointing northward—"Johnstown." The hungry men smiled and waved at them uncomprehendingly.

But a few had seen that something was wrong, that they were being carried beyond their meeting place. They tried to pass the word from truck to truck, above the roar of the motors. As they went bowling through the level village street, there was no way of escape; but just beyond Jennerstown, the road climbs steeply up Laurel Hill; the drivers shifted into second gear—and promptly lost half their passengers. The others, those who received no warning or let themselves be cowed by the troopers, were carried westward. The following week I met a New York veteran who hadn't escaped from the convoy till it passed the Ohio line. A Negro from Washington, a resident of the city for thirty years—he wasn't a bonus marcher at all, but made the mistake of walking through Anacostia in his shirt sleeves—was arrested, piled into a truck, and carried all the way to Indianapolis before he managed to tell his story to a reporter.

As for the veterans who escaped at Jennerstown, they lay by the roadside utterly exhausted. Their leaders had been arrested, dispersed, or else had betrayed them; their strength had been gnawed away by hunger or lack of sleep; they hoped to reunite and recuperate in a new camp, but how to reach it they did not know. For perhaps twenty minutes, they dozed there hopelessly. Then—and I was a witness of this phenomenon—a new leader would stand forth from the ranks. He would stop a motorist, learn the road to Johnstown, call the men together, give them their instructions—and the whole group would suddenly obey a self-imposed discipline. As they turned northward at the Jennerstown traffic light, one of them would shout, "We're going back!" and perhaps half a dozen would mumble in lower voices, "We're gonna get guns and go back to Washington."

Mile after mile we passed the ragged line as we too drove northward to the camp at Ideal Park. We were carrying two of the veterans, chosen from a group of three hundred by a quick informal vote of their comrades. One was a man gassed in the Argonne and tear-gassed at Anacostia; he breathed with an effort, as if each breath would be his last. The other was a man with family troubles; he had lost his wife and six children during the retreat from Camp Marks and hoped to find them in Johnstown. He talked about his service in France, his three medals, which he refused to wear, his wounds, his five years in a government hospital. "If they gave me a job," he said, "I wouldn't care about the bonus."

The sick man, as we passed one group of veterans after another, pointed northward and said in an almost inaudible voice, "This way, comrades, this way. Comrades, this way," till his head fell back and he lapsed into a feverish sleep.

It seemed the ragged line would never end. Here the marchers were stumbling under the weight of their suitcases and blanket rolls, here they were clustered round a farmhouse pump, here a white man was sharing the burden of a crippled Negro, here white and Negro together were snoring in a patch of shade. The road curled downward into the valley where Johnstown swelters between steep hills. On either side of us were fields of golden grain, cut and stacked for the threshers; a moment later we were winding through a forest. It was a landscape not unlike the high hills north of the River Aisne. In that other country, fifteen years before, I had seen gaunt men coming out of the trenches half-dead with fatigue, bending under the weight of their equipment. The men on the Johnstown road that day were older, shabbier, but somehow more impressive: they were volunteers, fighting a war of their own. "And don't forget it, Buddy," one of them shouted as the car slowed down, "we've enlisted for the duration."

At Ideal Park, where the new camp was being pitched, there was the same determination, combined with a hysteria caused by sudden relief from tension. A tall man with a tear-streaked

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face was marching up and down. "I used to be a hundred-percenter," he said, "but now I'm a Red radical. I had an American flag, but the damned tin soldiers burned it. Now I don't ever want to see a flag again. Give me a gun and I'll go back to Washington."—"That's right, Buddy," said a woman looking up from her two babies, who lay on a dirty quilt in the sun. A cloud of flies hovered above them. Another man was reading the editorial page of a Johnstown paper. He shouted, "Let them come here and mow us down with machine guns. We won't move this time."—"That's right, Buddy," said the woman again. A haggard face—eyes bloodshot, skin pasty white under a three days' beard—suddenly appeared at the window of our car. "Hoover must die," said the face ominously. "You know what this means?" a man shouted from the other side. "This means revolution."—"Yes, you're damned right it means revolution."

But a thousand homeless veterans, or fifty thousand, don't make a revolution. This threat would pass and be forgotten, like the other threat that was only half concealed in the Johnstown editorial. Next day the bonus leaders would come, the slick guys in leather puttees; they would make a few speeches and everything would be smoothed over. They would talk of founding a new Fascist order of Khaki Shirts, but this threat, too, can be disregarded: a Fascist movement, to succeed in this country, must come from the middle classes and be respectable. No, if any revolution results from the flight of the Bonus Army, it will come from a different source, from the government itself. The army in time of peace, at the national capital, has been used against unarmed citizens—and this, with all it threatens for the future, is a revolution in itself.

Johnstown. MALCOLM COWLEY.

II: Anacostia Flats

FORTY-EIGHT hours after the combined forces of the police and the military had run the B.E.F. out of Washington—all except the Unknown Soldier who lay there still unidentified and unmolested—not a single member of the Bonus Army was to be seen there outside of the hospitals or jails. If any remained they had either cleverly disguised themselves as ex-slackers who had crossed over into Mexico when War was declared, as Congressmen who were unaware that Congress had adjourned, or they remained hidden in cellars and attics. On the surface, at least, the capital was clean of all the streptococci of popular unrest—Hoover, the Great Surgeon, and his army had lanced and cauterized it. And Washington with its spacious avenues and parks, its plethora of marble stairs, its classic cleanliness, its architecture, not so much frozen music as it is frozen imagination, lay white and germless, recuperating under a soft July sky.

Over Anacostia flats, where the army had performed its most successful cauterization, there still lingered the faint, rancid smell of decaying garbage and latrines. It was here that a small city of five thousand veterans, with their wives and children, had lived for nearly nine weeks. It was now waste land, as if one of Doré's biblical plagues had descended and layed it waste. Along the bluffs edging the flats were poplars, scorched and withered from the fire that had destroyed the camp. The flats were strewn with garbled sheets of roofing tin, with gutted iron beds and springs, pots, pans, toys, stoves, heaps of melted glass bottles. Here and there were up-ended refrigerators, the innerds of phonographs, a Regina music box, even a safe. Here and there stood cars and trucks burned to rubbish, or the remains of a tiny front yard marked out with neat, white pebbles, all the endless makeshifts of the very poor.

A few scavengers, when I saw Camp Marks on Sunday, were listlessly poking among the debris. A Negro had turned up a pair of old shoes that he evidently believed were still in working condition. A white man had found a jack under a ruined truck, another held a coil of rope with which, he said, he was planning to make a swing for his kids. All three of them lived near the camp. They had seen the army come across Anacostia Bridge at midnight with their sabres and their bayonets. They had seen the women and children scrambling up the bluffs, weeping, choking with gas. And all night long, they said, they had watched the flames sweeping across the flats.

They were bewildered and indignant. My God, what had come over the government? The man with the rope said that a "right smart man" had told him that the Japanese were at the bottom of the business, but he added, "It's a disgrace to Uncle Sam." The man with the jack said that they were a good crowd, "these bonus fellers. They never troubled us, they never knocked at our door begging for anything, and it wasn't till the Army come down here that we lost a couple of chickens." The Negro said, "Some of them bonus huts was pretty as town houses."

Leaving the ruins of Camp Marks (named, curiously enough, after a police captain) I wandered up N. E. Eleventh Street to one of the B.E.F. headquarters. It was a wooden house painted a scabby white and flush with the walk. The upstairs windows gaped open; they didn't have time to close them. The floor downstairs was littered with paper and magazines. To the right of the front door was a small printed sign reading, "Veto Hoover." The door was locked, but someone after locking it had written on its glass pane with white chalk in a clear school-boy hand the words, "Buddies! Ever Faithful." But underneath some less sentimental, some blasphemous person had printed the alarming and terrifying initials, "H. H."

SLATER BROWN.

Washington.

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Washington Notes

The Presidential Horizon—Every Corner is Silver-lined—The Republican Finance Corporation —Will Roosevelt Speak for Himself?

ABOUT the time this article appears in print the politically-minded section of the country will be reverberating with Hoover's long awaited speech of acceptance. I am divulging no secret when I say that Mr. Hoover has sweated over it as few candidates in his position have sweated before. Nor, when one thinks of the case he has to present, is there any wonder. This being a 90-percent partisan country, the speech will be promptly torn to pieces by the Democrats and as promptly praised to the skies by the Republicans. It will, of course, please some Democrats and displease some Republicans, but in the main I cannot believe that it will greatly change the situation or affect the result.

To an overwhelming degree our electorate is emotional and not reasonable. It will vote this time as it has in the past, according to the prejudices of the people, their party affiliations and personal feelings. After Hoover's speech it will still remain a problem whether the resentment against him, bred of three years of depression, is sufficiently greater than the distrust of the Democrats, bred of their House record, to swing enough of the normally Republican voters over the line.

The reason for the relatively cheerful frame of mind of administration leaders at the present time is not in the least related to what Mr. Hoover has—or had—to say in his speech, but rather what they believe is a gleam of light along the economic horizon and a measurably immediate lifting of the clouds of depression. Of course, they have seen this mirage before and been bitterly disappointed at its failure to materialize. This time, however, they think there is reality about it and that the next few months will see an improvement in business and unemployment.

There seem to me certain signs that the drive here is not wholly without thought of the campaign and that the new optimism among the New York bankers is based largely upon a rise in the stock market, in no way related to earnings or increased business. It is true that Mr. Hoover has done his best to prevent the charge from being made that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's billions are to be used to elect the Republican ticket. He did that by replacing Mr. Meyer with a Democrat—Mr. Pomerene. None the less, I think the administration still dominates the board and the basis of Republican hopes is that the board's activities in lending money during the next two months will promote Hoover's chances.

The more one thinks of it the wiser it seems for Mr. Hoover to have insisted upon making the board non-partisan, with four Democrats offsetting the three Republicans. Otherwise it would certainly have been the shining target of the Democratic campaign, whatever benefits the country may derive from the huge sums at the board's disposal would be nullified, the Corporation would be cramped and its usefulness vastly impaired. As it is, except for the hungry and eager railroads, the R. F. C. is finding no little difficulty in discovering the sort of self-liquidating propositions whose financing was contemplated under the bill as it was finally passed. There are, to be sure, plenty of applications for money, but extremely few of these have a real justification. Either they would not increase employment or they would take so long to get started as not to be worth while.

I repeat it is not fair to charge the Reconstruction Board with playing politics at this time, but it is nevertheless true that the political hopes of the Republican party are to a considerable extent centered upon what they believe will be the beneficial result of its loans. Furthermore, if the Corporation does not move a little faster than it has up to date there is not only going to be considerable criticism but a great deal of political disappointment.

Among the Democrats there is continued and increased confidence about the West. Though certain that the East can be carried if it is worked well, there is no doubt at all that some of the more astute among the Roosevelt managers are convinced it is entirely possible to elect their man without New York. The West is reported to be almost solidly anti-Hoover. How solid it will be on election day is a different proposition, but the fact remains that there is no West Coast state—California, Oregon or Washington—about which the Republicans are not really worried. Not since 1916 have they so much as given a thought to these states. They had come to regard them in the same way that a Democratic candidate does Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina.

It is different this time and there is reason to believe that Roosevelt's effort in the West will be a genuine and not a perfunctory one, despite Farley's announcement that the main battle will be in the East. That announcement, which was accepted last week with the utmost seriousness, was, I am now told by Democratic "insiders," partly bluff, intended to deceive and mislead, and partly based on the ignorance of the esteemed Farley. It may have been Farley's idea, but I am reliably informed it is not Roosevelt's idea—and it is Roosevelt's idea that will prevail.

The Governor, it is said, is convinced that the weakness of Hoover's candidacy lies in the West and that his own strength west of the Mississippi is far greater than any one suspects. Further, it is said, no one is apt to argue him out of making a real fight for that section, of going into it personally and making his appeal to its people. I think he is right and that he will make a mistake if he permits himself to be pushed too far toward the conservative side merely as a matter of Eastern political strategy, or accepts the attitude of the electoral-vote mathematicians.

Roosevelt's next utterance is scheduled for Sea Girt, New Jersey, on August 27, under the auspices of the hard-boiled Mr. Hague, who so violently opposed Roosevelt's nomination in Chicago and there gave out statement after statement declaring that if he were nominated Roosevelt could not carry a single Eastern state. How much dependence can now be put on the loyalty and good will of this Mr. Hague is a matter of opinion. Considering the circumstances and the type I am quite sure that so far as Mr. Hague is concerned his first and only interest is in his local ticket and situation.

I suppose Roosevelt will make the sort of speech suited to the crowd, the state and the man. The time, however, is coming when the real man must reveal himself. Before

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the end he will have to line up on one side or the other. It is my best information that after he gets this Sea Girt speech behind him, and the Walker decision off his chest, he will insist upon being himself. It seems to me that this will be far better political strategy than trying to convince the so-called interests of the East that he is a "safe" man to have in the White House. The main trouble in any such effort on the part of a Democratic candidate is that these representatives of the banking interests are unconvincible. It is not worth while for him to try.

Washington. T. R. B.

Not on the Ticker Tape

THE AMERICAN myth holds that money-making is the just reward for superior brains, but the recent excitement in the security and commodity markets hardly warrants such an assumption. Timid, frightened investors, who lacked the courage to buy stocks in June when they seemed to be undervalued on a statistical basis, began to grab them a month or so later after many individual issues had advanced 50 percent.

In explaining the situation, the president of one of the Wall Street banks, which as a group, by the way, have been talking up the rally, said that the upturn had reëstablished faith that the old measuring rods of value were still trustworthy. In the chaos of the earlier liquidating market, prices of stocks and bonds reflected the distress of forced sellers more than they did the average earning power and assets of corporations.

As of yore, security buyers were more attracted by the spectacle of rising prices than by self-discovered evidences of intrinsic cheapness. But once large and small capitalists found that the old yardsticks were not entirely obsolete, they began to take out pencils and figure the fantastic yields which stocks and bonds were offering at prevailing prices, even after the initial stages of the rally. When they consulted their bankers at the financial center, they were told that stocks and bonds had started to rise from a level at which they were distinctly undervalued.

The authenticity of the reply from bankers in the last analysis depends on whether business profits in the relatively near future will tend to reverse the prolonged downward trend. The change is largely a return of qualified confidence to a financial district where securities had been selling ex-hope. There has thus far been no comparable upward movement in production and distribution.

If economic recovery should develop from this midsummer trough, some of the big banks will feel foolish within a year. For if the trend is upward, the banks will find that they were betrayed by their own excessive fears. Instead of continuing to finance railroads, out-of-town banks and other financial institutions in the normal manner, they let George do it. George was the government, acting through the instrumentality of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. An impelling motive on the part of bankers was to unload "slow" assets on the government, but, if near-term, far-reaching economic recovery should liquefy such assets, the banks will find that they were giving juicy loans to the government, which charged 5½ to 6 percent, while getting the funds through the sale of short-term Treasury obligations to the timid banks at a fraction of one percent.

Some financiers, who have turned bullish, predict that within a year the New York bankers will be trying to woo back such loans from country correspondents by underbidding the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on interest rates. As a matter of fact, some banks already have agents in the field telling out-of-town banks to try them before availing themselves of the privilege of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The head of one huge money reservoir as a matter of good will has been seeking right along to take care of his correspondent banks directly. It is not mere altruism. He wants to cement his business contacts by letting them realize that he has stood by them during a tight period. Loans to banks are all secured by collateral. This banker is choosy as to the type of collateral he will accept, and then is venturesome in making loans, saying that such loans were safer than ever before because they provided for the usual margin of protection at a time when prices were very low and, in his opinion, below values. Accordingly, he figured that the worst that could happen would be that his institution would be buying choice securities at 20 percent below the market.

In spite of their becoming involved in frozen German short-term loans, New York banks were apparently managed through the depression relatively better than the general run of banks in the United States—which, of course, is mild enough praise. The reasons for better results are relatively simple. The downtown banks stayed pretty much clear of real-estate loans, in which out-of-town banks became involved. Second, many of the New York banks avoid long term bonds, arranging their portfolios so that there will be recurrent maturities almost all the time. Accordingly, when deposits were falling, they just stopped reinvesting, whereas out-of-town banks, with long-term bonds, had to sacrifice them on the market place. Third, the members of the New York Clearing House are kept in line by competent examinations by the Association examiners, the chief of whom has been on the job for more than thirty years. Clearing House examiners know their stuff and are well paid, whereas state and national examiners, who are underpaid, merely use the appointments as stepping-stones to soft berths in banks. The rigid Clearing House examinations disclose bad practices early, and erring institutions are quickly brought into line by the moral pressure of being called on the carpet.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been properly criticized for keeping bad management in power in banks and other institutions which are beneficiaries of their loans. It has been suggested that they ought to tie strings to loans, requiring mergers in overbanked communities in which weak banks have survived, and that they ought to insist that title companies and insurance companies pass along the assistance by lowering interest charges to distressed and overmortgaged borrowers.

In New York the lending committee, coöperating with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has in some instances called the attention of the Superintendent of Banks and of the Comptroller of the Currency to weak banking situations which it uncovered.

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Before the rally, New York bank loans declined sharply despite the efforts of the Federal Reserve to ease credit. An examination shows this was partly ascribable to the fact that the banks used the easier conditions as an opportunity to bring pressure on those whose loans were under water or undermargined to reduce their commitments. During the earlier stress and strain, there was a tendency to wink at such weak situations because nothing could be done about it. The decline in security prices, which continued into June, naturally made for a shrinkage in security loans. Furthermore, the setback in the commodity price level reduced the amount of funds needed to finance a given unit of business. But beyond all was the stupid and anti-social attitude of some bankers, who failed to realize that they could safely loosen up after deflation had taken place, inasmuch as at such a time risks are minimized. Foolish bankers, who are free and easy at the top, when they should be cautious, and severe at or near the bottom, render the disservice of exaggerating the peaks and valleys of economic cycles.

The inauguration of direct loans to individuals and corporations by Federal Reserve Banks has the moral effect of bringing pressure on ultra-conservative member banks to stop blocking recovery by withholding credit from any good risks. Society, under the new set-up, is no longer at the mercy of special interests, but has created potential machinery for working out a national credit policy without being subject to a veto by private interests, which for six months have neutralized the Federal Reserve reflation policy.

L. M. N.

Deep South Notes

III: Rosedown Reflections

IN MY last notes I spoke of Rosedown Plantation, in one of the Feliciana parishes of Louisiana, almost over the Mississippi line. I retailed the three thousand acres of the plantation itself, the old house, the velvets and brocades, the silver and girandoles, the Sully and Audubon portraits, the avenue of live oaks with its long moss, the marble vases and statues of the garden, the camellias, azaleas, jasmine, the pattern of box walks, the summer-house, the books and engravings, the soft air, the verdure and seclusion.

And now, wandering in the garden here at Rosedown, I am obliged to reflect a little. I find, it would seem strangely, coming into my mind the movie magazine that I was reading in the club car on the train south. It was one of the many magazines devoted to this art center at Hollywood, the artists, their personalities and joys and sorrows. Like all these screen journals, my copy echoed with ideas. If you have had some familiarity, however slight, with the thoughts of the world, with modern books, with characteristic themes and doctrines, in Freud, Pirandello, Shaw and other personages throughout the world, you recognize in these accounts the great themes simplified and hitched to a star, as one of the means of creating portraits for the movie fans. For example you find a slim young lady in the smartest of frocks: "Do you see this face?" the writer of the article asks; you would take it for the face of a radiant, happy girl, but look closer; these eyes are tortured; this high-priced and successful star—there would be no point if she were not that—has really an inferiority complex (psychology), she is mystic (a good man friend is teaching her to know herself by reading "In Tune with the Infinite" to her), she suffers. It may be, of course, that she deeply suffers, or it may be that trying to live on grapefruit and be the slimmest figure on the lot makes one's soul nostalgic of eternal space; but you can see how culture and modern thought are carried by all this.

Most of the ideas in our country are spread around in movie form; even in a newspaper or magazine they strike that caliber, that ease of comprehension, that snobbery of the hour. And so we build up our great mass of ideas and subtleties, in which all share. But the telling of them is never allowed to cost anything; every idea is kept down to where it pays. Meantime the ideas that do go boldly over the country are those touching the prosperity of business and the platitude of getting on; these thoughts are delivered straight from the shoulder, and only Reds, Communists, radicals and sectionalists doubt their veracity. Alongside these sound, commercial thoughts, by which the Rotarians soar and lunch and sing, goes the diffused promotion of such ideas as will teach us what we are to mean by American. It must be something that will flatter, hearten and defend the great mass. And suddenly, in the midst of such reflections, there comes to me a thought *about Rosedown. Rosedown is not American.*

Yes, everybody in Rosedown was American but it was not American. And thus it is that here amid the lights and shadows, the white columns, the camellias, the grace, decency—in the Roman sense, not the Boston—and stillness, I am brought back to the problem that so often troubles me. What is American?

Sitting here on the gallery of Rosedown, blessed with the courtesies of its mistress, I must tell myself that this mode of living, this place, the social system that once held in this region and that tinges still its people—from whom, alas, I am sprung—IS NOT AMERICAN. American would be outside a factory, perhaps, either with a few ash barrels and a worker's worn wife or else very sleek with machinery and fresh paint, everything lean, innocently efficient and hard. Or would it be a New England farmhouse, with a suspicious cinder path? Or would it be a skyscraper?

I know that we Americans are not drab as the ash barrel. We are flat and adolescent sometimes, but only unwillingly drab; and the artist or writer who undertakes to paint us so is a Communist or a Red. I know we are not so hard and trim as the machine. We are a little tinny and empty sometimes, but you need only look at the front page of any newspaper, in the provinces especially, to see what slush and softness is wanted and supplied, all that raw and shallow romance of murders, sex, kidnaping and catastrophes. I know the tall buildings are now unrented, vacant, though they make a snappy skyline. And yet, nevertheless, I know as well as the latest greatest-American-writer-that-ever-lived that Rosedown is out.

This old house, so gentle and lived in, I should have thought very human; I might even have thought it technically American, since the neoclassic style is said to have arisen in our country and to have spread from here to other lands. But a tiny farmhouse, smelling a bit like mushrooms and sweat and lavender, is what would be

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American. Most of the great capitalists' publicity men say the great capitalists were born in tiny farmhouses and struggled ever upward; so the tiny farmhouses are American. Or Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture is what is American. You may argue that he is a case of personal genius and add that the Americans could scarcely be said to have taken him up very heavily; they have left that to such countries as Germany and Denmark, where Mr. Wright is already a tradition. But in his art, of which most Americans have never heard, he expresses our popular banks, practicality and vast prairies. Some of the finer details were executed farther north and sent down the river to such houses as Rosedown; and in so far as they are English Georgian they might be said to be American English, though too derivative to be significant, and too ornate to be functional—I trust I get this right. As for the style of furniture at Rosedown, clearly it is not American but French and English. Of course the English, for that matter, got it from France, and France got it from Italy, to which country, when the French had given them a certain finish, these forms returned, and were the mode again. Italy had developed them from the baroque, which had developed from the Renaissance, which had descended from Rome and from Greece. But why debate thus stubbornly? Clearly the French forms in America are not American but the Italian forms in France are French. As for the plumbing at Rosedown, you might think yourself in Europe; a delicate point: the Rosedown plumbing is not American because it is primitive as Europe is, the early farmhouse chairs are American because they are primitive as Europe is not!

To preserve the truly American, make your millions in a factory, with foreign labor, buy an old inn in Massachusetts and fill it with spinning wheels, codliver-oil bottles and thin chairs. This, it is true, would have puzzled my forefathers in Mississippi; they would have asked why, for example, peasant chairs if you do not think yourself a peasant? And yet it is very flattering to think of oneself as hardworking, brave and risen from a cabin. Lincoln understood the poetic human wisdom and also the public shrewdness of that motif, and, as we know now, took pains to play up that side of his story. Washington neglected the cabin note; he thought of himself as a gentleman, when he thought of himself at all in this regard; but then we know that Washington had slaves, which made him high-hat, and on week days wooden teeth, which gave him that air of dignity. The father of his country was just a bit of Europe. We are talking about our truly truly Americans. They were just poor boys with wonderful mothers and rose by hard work. As a matter of fact, many of these great men had a good solid start. Not many of them learned to read by the light of pine knots. Not many of them went hungry in childhood. A son of Rosedown might be a son of the soil, but it was a good rich soil that led him toward formal living, travel, family and honorable friendships, not to speak of the social arts. Granting, though, his theory of civilization, it was easier for him to reach civilization from Rosedown than from a log cabin. But for the civilization evolved by Mr. Ford, for example, in so far as any civilization has been evolved, a cabin would be a better start than Rosedown, where, after all, action, acquisition and efficiency would not seem quite enough to race for or to live by. The same idea begins to be entertained over all the country now, of course, since the collapse of big business and the wind's going out of stocks and bonds. Where have we got to? The stout pioneer in his steam-heated bathroom must at last get something in his head and help on entertainment.

At Rosedown there never was much of that flattering talk of work, work, work, men and work, as if we were not obliged also to give a little credit to the rich fields, the hills of iron and gold, the spouting oil that America provided for her brave sons and forward adventures. Whatever the first years may have been, it is obvious that for many decades America has been child's play and a child's optimism compared to Europe, where many a man in all his life has never had quite enough to eat and knows he will never get beyond the life he was born to, born of people already weary of hope. And it is obvious that the work, work, work theme is a bourgeois form of drugging yourself against inquiry and evading the ultimate social and human issue.

I should be the last person in the world to argue a revival of the social system that gave rise to such a place as Rosedown. But I am equally unwilling to throw it all away and dismiss it as without significance any longer. I know I am wrong in that, a mere local weakness. I would talk it over with C—— if she were not so far away. C—— was married once to a scrawny little man with an old New York name and several clubs, who after a few continent, gray years together dried completely up and died on her. She has turned toward anthropology and lisps of our own Indians, whom, I gather, she envisions as sheer freedom, riding, raiding and scattering virginity before it. C—— would tell me that the only significant civilization that ever existed in this Delta section was that of the Indians. That civilization, she would say, was American. Even more than the kitchen chairs this declaration would have surprised my poor great-grandfather, who, they used to tell us children, had first encountered the tribe seated in the dirt eating boiled dog. Nevertheless, C—— would tell me this, and I in my turn would tell her that the Choctaws and Chickasaws in this country had a strict and austere social scheme concerning authority, marriage and property; Mississippi, in fact, was the first state in the Union to pass a law giving a married woman control of her property, an idea borrowed from the Choctaws. Ah, well, *dulce est desipere in loco,* as they would have said at Rosedown. Perhaps I had better rest here, where rest is not yet a sin, and then later, when I am back again, ask M—— to tell me what American is. He lives in New York, reads many modern European books, is full of bootleg gin every night, and says he does not like his mother.

To return, however, to Rosedown. The state of Kentucky has bought the fine old Rowan house where a young cousin of the family wrote, if nothing American about a red-hot mama, a song called "My Old Kentucky Home." The state of Louisiana should, when the due time arrives, buy Rosedown and preserve it as a public monument. We may at least hope as much and no harm done; "it seems," Pausanias says, "that even a democracy is sometimes capable of a just resolution."

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Victory of Anacostia

SIR: It was a sorry night on July 28 for law and order and respect for government in the nation's capital. I pass by the Pennsylvania Avenue encounter, for that may have been justified, and come to the military operations at night in Anacostia. About these I can speak from first-hand knowledge and carefully verified statements.

The hundreds of B.E.F. men there had been told that they must evacuate by August 4. On July 28, at or about dark they were notified that they had two hours to leave in. The camp lights were cut off and in that darkness the hasty preparations for departure were made.

An entirely orderly crowd of citizens assembled to see the exodus. That they were disposed to be orderly is shown by one incident. At the very first arrival of three motorcycle police, orders were given to cross the street and those orders were instantly obeyed without protest. Nevertheless, on the arrival, just ahead of the troops, of further police officers, tear-gas bombs were thrown into that crowd of men, women and children without warning.

Then the detachments of cavalry and infantry with fixed bayonets moved into the camp to eject the remnant into the streets of Anacostia and to fire the huts of the Bonus Army and the meager belongings that remained. One of the men reported to me at ten o'clock that he had just taken his wife and his daughter with a temperature of 103 across the street to sit in an automobile as he didn't know where they could go.

At midnight I found eight small children and infants from B.E.F. families lying in the doorway of a five-and-ten-cent store while their mothers put wet cloths over their eyes to relieve the smart of the tear gas.

Meanwhile the citizenry were shut off from direct entry into the city of Washington over the Anacostia Bridge by tanks and mounted troopers with drawn sabres, a military display in times of peace which heretofore I think most Americans associated with Germany under the Empire.

Washington, D. C. M. S. BRECKENRIDGE.

SIR: Last Thursday's happenings here in Washington have been absorbing us all, and therefore your editorial in The New Republic of August 3 interested me particularly. Your information doesn't quite accord with my observation and that of friends of mine who have visited the B. E. F. frequently and talked with the veterans. I should say that the ones who have already left have not been the "home-lovers," but the unattached and less responsible, and that those who have stayed have been the more conservative—including, of course, all those with their families. They stay because the only homes they have—had, I should say—were here, and because going elsewhere was both physically and psychologically more difficult. With them, of course, have stayed a considerable number who were more volatile, but not enough to warrant characterizing the whole residue as "intransigents and die-hards."

The whole point is—this being the case—that Hoover's action in ordering a wholesale eviction was the more despicable. Even in the area where the trouble began, families were as numerous as elsewhere. Less than a week ago I talked with a man who had just that day finished the shelter he and his wife were in, and a more lamblike, respectable citizen could not have been found. If anything under heaven ever looked Christlike and pacific, it was the shuffling, slouching column of men that were marching up and down outside the Capitol before Congress adjourned. The day I saw them they had withdrawn outside the entrance to the Capitol grounds, because a Communist group was demonstrating and the rest of the B. E. F. *wouldn't be seen on the plaza with them!*

There are blocks and blocks of area where buildings have been razed, yet only a small portion of such government property was being occupied by veterans. To force them to move was entirely needless, in spite of Hoover's fustian about the government's construction program that was to furnish employment, etc. To give them no place else to go was vicious. Of course, Glassford, who has shown that he has both a heart and a head, realized all that and it is a well known fact that he resisted pressure to be more drastic. Yet even when the government had forced him to measures which brought on violence, he still showed ability to meet the situation. But since he showed a disposition both to observe the law and to behave humanely, Hoover ordered in the army without his consent. Tanks, tear-gas, bayonets, sabres, and that discerning student of social phenomena, the Chief of Staff himself in charge, to dislodge a crowd of men, women and children—mostly men of course—from the shacks, ruins, automobile-tops, packing-cases, and what-nots that were their only homes on earth. And what the poor devils couldn't take time to pick up and carry off the military very efficiently burnt.

It was late in the afternoon when the Chief of Staff came to the rescue of our democratic institutions, with both boots polished and his forehead bathed in perspiration, and by dusk his brave cavalrymen had gassed, cleared and burnt over the first area and sliced off the ear of a spectator. The way was then clear for Mr. Hoover to start the important construction work that was going to be so good for the country, and the army moved on across the river to burn the main camp. Since it was on vacant land not included in any government construction program, there was no technical excuse even for this eviction; and Hoover, restrained either by conscientious scruples against lying or by the infertility of his imagination, makes no mention of it. But in this area—the Anacostia flats—there were several thousand veterans, many with their wives and children. Eviction here took longer, but fortunately everybody was routed out and all left-overs set on fire before it began to rain, which was about four a.m.

Meanwhile in other scattered areas eviction was awaited. In one of these a number of families were settled and there were numerous children. But the mothers made the children sleep in the open because the story got around that the brisk military had gassed a shelter hurriedly and set fire to it without realizing there were two children in it, who of course were supposed to have been burned. This was mere rumor, but it illustrates the vivacious expectations that Mr. Hoover's courageous decision to clear government property gave rise to.

Another happy circumstance was that when the veterans got to the District line, they found the state police of Maryland and Virginia waiting to hustle them some more. Those who tried to get out by Virginia were turned back, and friends of mine found a contingent camped in the middle of Key Bridge over the Potomac, with the authorities of the District and of Virginia refusing to let them violate the sovereignties at either end of it.

Of course, I'm opposed to the bonus, though on somewhat more realistic grounds than those of justice, since I can't see what limits can be set to the obligations of a property-inspired government which conscripts men to engage in mortal combat for it. But these people wouldn't have come here for a bonus if they hadn't been hungry and homeless, and though they were in earnest, they were essentially docile and trustful. If they became something different, I don't know that they can be blamed, for it was the government, first by its shortcomings and then by its aggressiveness, that makes them dangerous. And it is significant that the bonus has become secondary to them—at least to the more intelligent—and that a desire for something much beyond it is penetrating them.

Washington, D. C. GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE.

The Future of German Socialism

SIR: Certain prominent American Socialists, among them Mr. Louis Waldman, candidate for Governor of New York State, with an optimism that is exceptional among Socialists have made statements to the capitalist press to the effect that the results of the recent German elections will "hearten Socialists and lovers of democracy all over the world."

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Nothing would be more welcome to many of us Socialists right now than what Eddie Guest might call "a healthy heap o' heartening"; but we are just contrary enough not to find it in the results of the German elections. Even though the editor of the New York Socialist weekly, The New Leader, may join with The New York Times and The New York Herald Tribune in praise of the "moderateness" of the German Social Democrats, the grim fact remains that the Socialists who, at one time, could have taken power, who, though they had the largest party in the Reichstag, made no effective leftward move, preferring to "tolerate" a reactionary regime, are now slowly petering out as any genuinely radical force in the Republic. They emerge from the last elections with the loss of 624,454 votes and ten seats in the Reichstag. Their leaders are being chased around by gangsters of both the extreme Right and the extreme Left. All that is left to their followers is the cold comfort that they have been good fellows under successive kicks in the pants and haven't started anything rough in retaliation.

Somehow the writer is not a bit heartened by the tragic results of policies of coalition, "toleration" and eventual compromise which are eating at the vitals of the Socialist parties of the world. Nor, as recent events in this country have proved, are the majority of the rank and file of younger American Socialists at all enthusiastic over the idea of bolstering up a collapsed capitalist system to preserve the pretense of democracy. It is not necessary to swallow whole the Muscovite formula of revolution to understand that unless socialism is militant, uncompromising and fundamentally revolutionary, it is emptied of all significance. Left Wing Socialist parties and groups in healthy revolt against the trimming tactics of the aged leaders of the Right are now functioning in Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Norway, Poland and Bulgaria. Reaffirming the international solidarity of the working-class movements of the world and accepting the principle of the class-struggle, they denounce Socialist coalitions with capitalist governments and urge mass action against Fascism, militarism and war.

To this individual Socialist at any rate, the emergence of these groups is a whole lot more heartening than the fact that, after all, the German Social Democrats only lost 624,454 votes at the last elections.

New York City. McALLISTER COLEMAN.

The Other Side of the Profile

SIR: I work in the basement at Klein's New York City clothing store. My boss, Mr. S. Klein, according to a recent "profile" of him in The New Yorker, did $25,000,000 business last year, and his personal income is over a million dollars, with his business expanding daily.

The basement is a long, winding, angular affair, calling to mind the Times Square subway station. It is here that Mr. Klein disposes of his cheapest dresses for about two dollars apiece, and it is this subterranean portion of the building that does the most rushing business of the entire establishment. Every day between two and three thousand people find their way into this cellar, which is low-ceilinged and without windows. The unwholesome air alone makes it an ordeal to remain down below for more than an hour. The few electric fans are absolutely ineffectual to counteract the heat and smell of sweat.

My hours are from nine-thirty in the morning until seven in the evening, including Saturday, and my job consists in trailing customers and readjusting the dresses they throw down from the racks. The work is so deadly monotonous that it would try the patience of a moron. I walk many miles a day in performing my job, and what with the rush and crush of the milling crowds, the foul air and the noise and the bawlings out from my supervisors, I find myself at the end of the day in a state of utter exhaustion. I get home brutally worn out and with barely sufficient strength to eat my supper and get to bed to regain enough vitality for the next day's grind. My weekly salary is eight dollars, handed to me in an envelope which cautions me to resolve to make "payday savings that future days may be happy days."

It was only after five months of persistent hunting for work that I landed my present job. Several weeks ago an advertisement in one of the daily newspapers announced that Klein's would hire new help. With over three hundred other girls, I was on the premises two hours before the stipulated time. The employment manager lined us all up and went through the line selecting a girl here and there in what seemed to me a wholly arbitrary fashion. Fifty were selected and the rest told to leave. After two days of red tape—physical examination, references, credentials and lecturing, the purpose of the last being to whoop up pride and enthusiasm in us for the Klein establishment—I was finally "trained" for my job. I soon learned from the older girls that the reason for the new help was that the girls whom he had displaced were receiving ten dollars per week and that they were all discharged in favor of the new group who were getting only eight. How true this is I cannot say. But it is the sort of thing that anybody in the basement would find it hard *not* to believe. Also the fact that the girls hired after my group are getting seven and seven-fifty per week would seem to indicate that that is what happened.

One of the big features of the red tape that one has to go through for that dismal job at that ridiculous salary is the lecture on honesty delivered, not by an underling, but by Mr. Klein himself. There is nothing, it seems, dearer to Mr. Klein than honesty in his employees. Above everything else they must be rigidly honest. The three references that a prospective Klein girl must submit are very emphatic on that point. The visitor to Klein's will notice that he cannot take more than a few steps without confronting a placard admonishing the customer not to "disgrace his family by stealing," or that "honesty pays, our detectives are always watching." A picture of a woman behind bars helps to drive home the moral. And it is well known that Mr. Klein prosecutes to the bitter end.

New York City. STELLA ORMSBY.

[The foregoing letter was submitted to Mr. S. Klein, by mail, and he was invited to prepare a reply for simultaneous publication. After three weeks' time, he has not answered The New Republic's communication. Should a reply from him be received, it will be printed as promptly as possible in a subsequent issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Starvation in the Coal Fields

SIR: To one who has not seen people facing actual starvation, as I recently have seen them in the bituminous coal fields, the idea of death from lack of food or from the indirect effects of a near-starvation diet in this land of plenty seems incredible. The miners are becoming desperate as one by one the mines close, many never to reopen. In my opinion nothing can save the situation except government action both in wide relief now and through placing the industry under federal regulation as a public utility.

Meanwhile, brave attempts at relief are being carried on by county welfare boards and social agencies. The American Friends' Service Committee last winter fed 40,000 children in thirty-five counties of West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Sixty tons of clothing have been distributed. The work has now been much curtailed because of lack of funds. Instead of 40,000 children recently receiving hot meals, now only 12,000 neediest cases of small children and nursing mothers are being given the reduced ration of dried milk and codliver oil. Even the continuance of this relief is not assured unless funds are forthcoming quickly.

In addition to relief, the Quakers have launched a movement toward the rehabilitation of families and communities. Hundreds of dressmaking classes have been organized in the camps. Gardens and canning, cobbling, hand weaving and furniture making, have been promoted. This work should be greatly extended—helping the unemployed miners to become self-sustaining and eventually assisting those who desire to obtain work in other industries.

The Federal Council of Churches has set up a special committee to assist the Quakers. Contributions either toward relief or rehabilitation may be sent to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

JAMES MYERS, Industrial Secretary,
New York City. Federal Council of Churches.

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Thomas for President!

SIR: Your readers will not want to be neutral in this crisis. Above all, in this year of 1932, they will want to make their votes count not only against the two old parties, which have shown themselves completely unable and unwilling to meet the challenge of misery with any intelligence with regard to the problems of today. They will want to support a fundamental program and a man of outstanding ability for President.

I am writing to invite New Republic readers to join the Committee of Five Thousand for Thomas for President. By October 1 we hope this will be a Committee of One Hundred Thousand. A few weeks ago we began as a Committee of One Thousand.

This Committee is composed of men and women, not now members of the Socialist party, who wish to make their endorsement of Thomas for President count in the campaign, not only to the extent of their own votes but in showing how great an organized sentiment can be placed behind the campaign for the Socialist candidate.

We must organize this discontent in the nation into a propelling force behind a program and a genuine leader. Others must join the Committee. We need suggestions from people who will help to organize local groups in different parts of the country.

The headquarters of the Committee are at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. New Republic readers! Write at once!

REINHOLD NIEBUHR,
Chairman, Organization Committee.

New York City.

Socialism and Candle-sticks

SIR: Between my own critical or skeptical attitude toward Mr. Norman Thomas, expressed in my article in The New Republic of August 10, and that taken by Mr. Paul Blanshard in his rather heated retort, published at the same time, the issue is essentially one of interpretation. This makes for difficulty and confusion in debate, especially when one deals with the personal qualifications of a man for political leadership.

My observations apparently imply that Mr. Thomas' policies involve inherent contradictions, and are sometimes vacillating; Mr. Blanshard, his champion, finds that he "*almost* never straddles any issue," and "*almost* never plays politics," etc. (My italics.) Also that Mr. Thomas is a "hard-headed realist," rather than something resembling a visionary idealist. For my own conclusions I sought to give evidence, within the limits of my article, which, by the way, Mr. Blanshard unjustly styles a caricature.

I wrote simply my own opinions: The New Republic, in any case, is "A Journal of Opinion," as Paul Blanshard should realize. Mr. Thomas always makes a very pleasing personal impression; one wishes him well and hopes for the best. I have certainly tried to indicate which are his good parts. But what security is there in hopes? Mr. Blanshard, in my judgment, is overoptimistic in his statements and does not represent properly the real views of his party. The Socialist party, in this country, has had a pitiful record as a political movement these last twenty years. In the three years of depression it has shown an appalling inertia. It would seem that some attempt at dispassionate analysis of its weaknesses as well as those which might appear in its candidate might do more good than harm. The Socialist party, like everything else in this coutnry, has been carrying a good deal of "watered stock," and the sooner it deflates the better. Mr. Blanshard's animadversions against me, as a caricaturist and distorter of truth, sound like the shocked protests of a lover who cannot bear the reservations of a cold outsider upon his sweetheart.

Is it, or is it not the "same old" Socialist party which Thomas leads in the present campaign? If anything, the party is more divided than it used to be; and the Militants, or Left Socialists, opposed by the Wisconsin Reformist group and the Old Guard of Hillquit, have not yet captured the party. Mr. Thomas has apparently committed himself to none of these factions. By "moving to right and left," I meant, as I said, that ostensibly he appeals to the laboring proletariat, while at the same time he gathers to himself the mildly rebellious sections of the middle class, whose real economic interests have always been opposed to the workers'.

On the question of labor policy, one of the Militant Socialists who reported on the convention wrote cautiously, "it will depend . . . " on the vigor of the new National Executive Committee. This has appointed several field organizers, according to Mr. Blanshard; but they will soon find the A. F. of L. in the field, and their party behind them resolved "to do nothing that may undermine" the A. F. of L. Finally, Mr. Blanshard, for all his sarcastic rejoinders to my expressed doubts, does not answer the fundamental question contained within my article, the one question which many members of the present generation must be asking: What actual measures other than a vaguely generalized appeal for a *partial* collectivism does the Socialist party offer? Outside of the energized Russian state there are many contrasting ones, which are part socialized and part capitalist, but are wholly stagnant.

This age is typified by the unrest of masses, in brown shirts or khaki shirts, and by starvation *en masse*. Mr. Thomas and the Socialists still seem to be addressing themselves to some other and less urgent situation. Where the Communists, with their principles of direct action, live in a revolutionary ferment, or give themselves to revolutionary planning, the Socialists have for a long time passed their days as little capitalists, putting on their red bonnets at night to preach their variety of non-militant socialism. How can those who spend most of their time adjusting themselves to a powerful and complex economic order hope to overthrow it by using persuasion in their leisure time?

Mr. Blanshard has chosen to correct me upon the anecdote of Mr. Thomas' reading the Declaration of Independence by candlelight. My version of the incident was based on information obtained through Mr. Thomas, and used in the Socialist party campaign circulars for 1928.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Sherman, Conn.

Economic Planning Groups

SIR: The members of our group, composed mostly of electrical, architectural and civil engineers, will be glad to coöperate with other individuals and groups through the hospitality of your columns. We welcome correspondence with your readers, particularly with regard to matters pertaining to social and economic relations in the professions.

We aim to gather information and statistics for purposes of discussion and resolution, so that we may be better prepared to serve society as a whole when the conditions for administering a planned economy have arrived; and to come into contact with others having similar aims. We hope that our endeavors will in some measure contribute to a more equitable exchange of goods according to a planned economy serving only the interests of the whole people, who through their chosen and instructed delegates will thereby shape their own social welfare. . . .

Address all communications to Herbert C. Bucholz, Corresponding Secretary, 187 Clinton Street, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

HERBERT C. BUCHOLZ.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

SIR: Referring to the letter of Mr. Lorwin *et al.*, in your issue of June 22, I wish to state that an organization of similar purpose—Group Discussion of Economic Planning—was recently formed in San Francisco.

While our group, The Barradas League, is not composed of professional economists and undoubtedly lacks the special facilities possessed by Mr. Lorwin's group in Washington, we are very anxious to coöperate with any individuals or organizations having similar objects. We believe that a constructive and permanent remedy for conditions must be based upon fundamental business principles, and should, in scope and method be readily understandable by the layman (*i. e.*, the average worker and business man) if it is to have popular support.

It is our hope that concrete proposals of merit will obtain widespread recognition through an organized interchange of ideas, and we shall welcome communications from individuals and groups interested. Address 56 Atwood Avenue, Sausalito, California.

DOUGLAS NEWMAN, Secretary,
Barradas League.

Sausalito, Calif.

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The Meiklejohn Experiment

The Experimental College, by Alexander Meiklejohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 421 pages. $3.50.

IN REFLECTING upon this book after an absorbed reading of it, I seem to see three points of view from which it might be reviewed. In the first place, it gives an account of a particular experiment undertaken in a particular American college. During its course, this experiment attracted great attention, not to say controversy, in other colleges as well as in the University of Wisconsin. It excited enthusiasm and animosities; it was a standing subject of rumor and gossip in university circles. Like every large educational innovation it involved a clash of persons as well as of educational principles and practical policies. It engaged the emotions quite as much as the intellect.

The strictly local features of the experiment appear in the author's account only between the lines. The personal factors are passed by without notice; and the theme is discussed with candor and calm objectivity. Only by indirection would one gather from the book that an educational tempest had raged. The difficulties arising from internal faculty opposition are left to be guessed at. No extreme claims are made for the success of the experiment. "Our report is not that we have a scheme of teaching whose merits have been demonstrated, but that we have a plan which seems worthy of consideration by an American college of liberal arts." The problems which are intrinsic to every such experiment are frankly dealt with—such as the possibility of granting students fresh from the regime of the high school as much freedom and self-direction as they were given under Mr. Meiklejohn. On this point the author speaks with positiveness. Since the lesson of self-direction is one to be learned some time by every self-respecting person, he believes the experiment demonstrated that American youths between the ages of eighteen and twenty showed themselves capable of learning it.

Another aspect of the book is its contribution to the art of teaching—its discussion of what goes on, or may be induced to go on, in the contact of mind with mind. To the teacher, the chapters devoted to this topic are most enlightening. No teacher can fail to recognize, in all that is said about the intellectual discipline and instruction of young men—about the values and limitations of lectures, conferences, individual and group, about the conditions under which mental self-activity is stirred, about differing types of students—all the marks of the born and trained artist in conduct of that intercourse which excites and guides the thought of others. Whatever may be the judgment of the teacher about the worth of the purpose and plan of the experiment, whatever the doubt about the value of the attempt to communicate intellectual excitement to the young, there will be none as to the ability with which the work was carried on from the teaching side.

I think, however, that the larger aspect of the report is the one which will command the most enduring attention. The book is fundamentally a discussion of the place and function of the college of liberal arts in the entire scheme of American education. If I may say so without frightening anyone away from an extremely lucid and readable book, it is a contribution to the philosophy of American education; the liberal college, the first two years of our traditional college course, is discussed in relation to what precedes and what comes after that period. The discussion of the theory is, of course, the more pointed and the more significant because, unlike most such discussions, it comes to us as the philosophy of an actual undertaking, not as a full bolt from the blue of abstraction. Moreover, the educational ideas presented are tied up with a clearly thought-out conception of the nature, the defects and promise, of American culture and life.

I cite a few sentences which at least suggest the character of this conception. "There is no hope that in such a society as ours, young people will find a peaceful, a non-intellectual adjustment in the world which we have made for them." "The essential incoherence of a social order [like that of our own country] can bring into confusion and bewilderment the activities of its teachers." The teachers in the experiment were concerned not only with "what young men are and may be," but with what "America is and may become." "The essential difficulty with which the education of young Americans has to deal is that they do not *think* about the information which they already have." With such an outlook it is not surprising that Mr. Meiklejohn made the dominant aim of the experimental college the development of intelligence, the assumption of intellectual responsibility; nor that the function of intelligence was conceived to be "service of men in the creation of and maintenance of a social order, a scheme of individual and group living, which will meet the human demands for beauty, strength, justice, generosity."

The experiment was conceived in terms so remote from the complacency and aimless drift of much of our social life, it was such a challenge to the accidental empiricism which so controls our college studies and teaching methods, that it is not surprising that it evoked bitter opposition or that it failed of achieving its supreme purpose. For it faced frankly that which is the great difficulty in the American college because it is the greatest defect in American life outside the college. Anyone who claimed that the problem could be solved in any term of five years, or of double or treble that time, would be a quack—and Mr. Meiklejohn is no quack. No one can read the book with mental honesty and not see that the experiment was something quite other than that manipulation of minor details which constitutes the ordinary process of educational innovation. Whether or not the right procedure was undertaken is a minor matter compared with the complete openness with which the problem was attacked. The time at disposal did not allow even a test of the ultimate value of the methods followed, beyond the fact that further trial is well worth while.

The book ought to accomplish something in transferring discussion and controversy from the fitness of the study of Athenian culture and American life (through the medium, largely, of Plato's writings and "The Education of Henry Adams") to the deeper question of the end which these studies were intended to serve. In the author's words, these instrumentalities were "a device for stirring a young man to see that with which he is already acquainted, to think about that which he already knows." And again, "to understand a civilization is nothing else than to face and to solve, as far as one can, the questions with which its intelligence is dealing."

I probably should not be alone in wondering whether the methods actually pursued did not involve an overestimate of the function of books in developing intelligence. On the other hand, I recognize that a person who like myself is habituated to the use of books may, because of familiarity, underrate the part they can play in development of a self-directed responsible intelligence. And there can be no doubt that special emphasis should be laid upon the use of books of the first rank, because the average student "has been formed and shaped by a society which does not regard living in the companionship of books as constituting great

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success or high achievement"; and because, again, "the American home, the American school, the American social order do not, at present, create acceptance of the value of liberal understanding."

Were I to go further into the characteristics of the experiment, there are two points I should want to emphasize. One is its adherence to the conviction that integration is indispensable. The time will come, I imagine, when there will be surprise that such a miscellaneous, scattered body of studies as our college students now deal with, does not fail even worse than it does in the fostering of intelligence. The other point is that a genuinely integrated learning and discipline cannot be attained without an integrated relationship of teacher and student. One conclusion is "the conviction that educational planning and teaching should be done not by large faculties, but by small and independent groups of teachers," and that "all the members of the teaching force shall have genuine and intimate intellectual acquaintance with one another."

At every point, the experiment at Madison ran counter to the weight of precedent and tradition. There is little cause for wonder that it aroused an opposition which renders its continuation doubtful. The report ends with a suggestion that teaching should be a self-criticizing activity, continued experimentation being a contribution to that end. Is there an American college which is willing and able to carry its self-criticism to the point demanded by the Meiklejohn experiment? I doubt it.

JOHN DEWEY.

Two Great Mugwumps

Carl Schurz, by Claude M. Fuess. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 420 pages. $3.75.

Portrait of an Independent: Moorfield Storey, 1845-1929, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 384 pages. $3.50.

ONE FEELS like opening the Bible at Ecclesiastes after finishing these two biographies of the genus Good Citizen, written by two good citizens and evidently intended for all good citizens. For—unless these books provoke the reflection that one couldn't be both intelligent and wholly decent within the social framework of the nineteenth century—there is hardly a spoonful of germicidal knowledge to be gained by reading about the exemplary lives of Carl Schurz and Moorfield Storey, as Messrs. Fuess and DeWolfe Howe have chosen to portray them.

Professor Fuess, with a bow to the Constitution and the flag, says that Schurz and his career "should make every immigrant to our shores more ambitious and more hopeful." DeWolfe Howe regards Storey as one who stood for a "species of citizenship only the more needed in our civilization when the spirit of comfortable conformity rears its ominous head." Yet Schurz, the fugitive of the German revolutions of 1848, was blind to the dominant fact of late nineteenth-century life in America—the exploitation of labor and the farmer; and Storey, the New Englander trained by the abolitionist Charles Sumner, was, in his old age, on the side of Governor Fuller in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Offhand, one might be inclined to invoke sweet charity and excuse them on the ground that it is unfair to isolate a man from his social context. Yet Henry Demarest Lloyd, who stood with Schurz on most issues of the day, saw the facts of exploitation and monopoly staring him in the face during the eighties; and Wendell Phillips, like Storey an abolitionist and friend of the Negro, carried the fight over from the field of chattel slavery to the field of wage slavery after the Civil War. The plain fact of the matter is that Schurz and Storey were neither the most sensitive nor the most intelligent or courageous men of their class; and it may be objected, with some justice, that Dr. Fuess and Mr. Howe are too complacent in their treatment of the great Mugwumps.

To those who looked upon E. L. Godkin's Nation and Evening Post as holy writ, men like Schurz and Storey seemed the very paladins of righteousness. "The incarnation of the national conscience," Schurz was called. Both men, judged by the kidgloved-reformer scale of values that is implicit in Henry Adams' novel of the period, "Democracy," were representatives of all that was decent, forward-looking and respectable in the Gilded Age of America. They were friends of the Negro, active in the work of reforming what Roscoe Conkling called the "Snivel Service," campaigners for Cleveland as against the spoilsman and corruptionist Blaine, upholders of the gold standard in 1896, and anti-imperialists in the Spanish-American War. Yet how feeble was the whole campaign for the "old Republic" and civic righteousness! As all political conventions have shown since the Pendleton Act was passed, Civil Service reform has not gone so far as to cut the ties between patronage and politics. The agitation against imperialism could not stay the gobbling of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The defeat of the planters in the Civil War may have freed the Negro, yet it resulted in what virtually amounts to peonage for both whites and blacks in large sections of the South. And the upholders of the gold standard in 1896, whether they voted for McKinley (as did Schurz) or for the Gold Democrat slate (as did Storey), were acting blindly at the time, with no comprehension of the troubles of the farmer, which were very real. It should not be forgotten, in this connection, that the "Gold Bugs" played in luck; the "elastic currency" which Bryan demanded in terms of silver came unexpectedly in the form of new gold from South Africa, Australia and the Klondike.

The way of the Mugwump, it is plain to those who go beyond Messrs. Fuess and Howe in their interpretation, is no longer fruitful—if, indeed, it was ever very fruitful. The Mugwump was a man of his class; he believed in the system of exploitation—that is, in laissez-faire capitalism—just as much as did the Blaines, the Matt Quays and the Penroses. What he wanted to do was, merely, to make the processes of exploitation more polite, less crudely obvious. Neither Dr. Fuess nor Mr. Howe has realized this, and that is why their otherwise capable biographies of the two great Mugwumps lack drive and cutting edge.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Toward a Science of Tyranny

Terror in Europe, by H. Hessell Tiltman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 413 pages. $3.75.

HERE is another large volume proving once more the much proved assertion—and this time with plenty of documentation—that "two hundred millions of people in Europe are living at this moment under conditions of tyranny and actual terror." Mr. H. H. Tiltman devotes most of his book to the dictatorships in Russia and Italy, though he also makes a short excursion into Pilsudski's Poland and adds a few snapshots of tyrannies existing in smaller states—Hungary, the Balkans, the new countries of the Baltic. American liberals certainly would add our own one hundred and twenty millions to those mentioned as having suffered considerable curtailment of their civil

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liberties since 1916; and European radicals would throw in most of the British, Japanese, French and Belgian empires, the Dutch colonies, Portugal, Germany and the new Spanish republic—which has already established penal colonies for revolutionary radicals.

We need no further proof of universally accepted facts; the period for the muckraking of dictatorships is over. Today we should like to be told how the drift away from democratic institutions happened, and why, and by what means the dictatorships came into power. We should like to know what deeper popular currents, if any, encouraged the new drift away from liberalism. Someone should draw a portrait of current dictatorship, describing its characteristics and its legal, social and economic developments. There is a remarkable parallelism among the states created by Horthy, Pilsudski, King Alexander of Jugoslavia and Mussolini. Their laws governing the press, assembly and defense of the realm, their special tribunals, their maltreatment of political prisoners (during preliminary arrest by the police, or in prison and exile after sentence), the star-chamber proceedings of their "special tribunals," the total suppression of the opposition journals and political parties, the mob violence instigated by government when ordinary legal violence cannot easily be applied, the forcible assimilation of racial minorities—all these are pretty much the same under every dictatorship. Everywhere, also, the same lack of humor! Jugoslavs complain of the maltreatment of Jugoslavs under Italian rule; Italians complain of the oppression of Italians in Jugoslavia. Communists declaim against the suppression of civil liberties by Horthy, but approve such suppression by the Soviet government. A political philosopher is needed to classify these universal phenomena of tyranny and deduce some general principles from them. We have wasted enough moral indignation upon dictatorship. The time has come for a little scientific investigation.

HENRY G. ALSBERG.

Unashamed to Preach

Saint Saturnin, by Jean Schlumberger. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Night Flight, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Preface by André Gide. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

THESE two novels, coupled by their simultaneous selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club, have unusually much in common. Each was written by a Frenchman; each has had the benefit of a cultured, resourceful translation; each was a prize-winner abroad. Each, moreover, is an unquestionably good book, well written, felt, imaginative—easily among the season's elect. Besides all that, and more interesting, the two novels have something else in common to which we shall return later.

"Saint Saturnin," by the editor of La Nouvelle Revue Française, might be described as a family novel; for not only does it relate the trials of the Colombe family, it also has the rare virtue of confining its appeal to no single type or generation, of seeking an audience with every member of the household. Much of its extraordinary success in France was doubtless due to its traditionalism, its so-called "Balzacian" quality. The title is taken from the name of the estate of the powerful Colombes, whose century-old patrimony is nearly shattered in one year by the madness of their senile father. The symbolism of the story, too intricate for analysis here, is profound. M. Schlumberger's special note seems to be goodness; I wonder if there is any other intellectual novelist of our century whose pages give off so much quiet virtue. His method of narration is a delicate interplay of suggestion and inference, and that is why his book is not really Balzacian at all, but far nearer a Debussy-like impressionism. Lastly, though I cannot say whether this is traditionalism or modernity, "Saint Saturnin" is unashamed to preach.

More masculine, more exciting, but neither so long and full-bodied nor so ripe, is "Night Flight." Its author is a young aviator, known for his bravery, who is also a remarkably perceptive, philosophical and accomplished artist. The story concerns the flight of a mail plane from Patagonia to Buenos Aires during a storm at night. The real hero, however, is not the plane's pilot but Rivière, the almost unbelievably rigorous disciplinarian who directs a network of airways from his office. Rivière is the instrument by which M. de Saint-Exupéry, who also is unashamed to preach, drives home his lesson of duty at any expense.

This moralizing emphasis is finally the most interesting similarity between the two books. If any one has doubted the revival of the thesis novel, let him consider these sermons in disguise. The two authors, who represent perhaps the highest stratum of French culture, have more than a little in common, and their greatest point of likeness is their spirituality. This spirituality is both strong and beautiful, but from an artistic standpoint it has its disadvantages, for it contributes no little to the fact that both stories, despite their open-air setting, take place overwhelmingly in the realm of ideas. M. Schlumberger may write of the soil and preach "the wisdom of our peasants," M. de Saint-Exupéry may talk of gyroscopes and headwinds; both nevertheless find their true home, not in the world of things and action, but in a rarefied clime of axioms and precepts. The literary historian of the future may discern in this excessive spirituality a dangerous lack of body, a thinning out, an overcultivation. The most important consideration for the moment, however, is that both volumes will probably merit his attention, for each seems an unmistakable contribution to the record of our day.

GERALD SYKES.

The Prophet of Secession

Edmund Ruffin, Southerner, by Avery Craven. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 283 pages. $3.

THIS LIFE of Ruffin by Professor Craven should be read along with Laura A. White's recent biography of Robert Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina. The Virginian and the Carolinian were the true fathers of Secession, and under different circumstances they would have become great heroes; for both had a large share of the political and social insight, combined with fanatical devotion to a cause, which distinguishes the patriot. Ruffin is famous chiefly for having fired the first shot at Sumter, and for his suicide on the collapse of the South in 1865. Professor Craven restores him to a sounder and more enduring fame. In the late fifties, at the end of a spectacular career of journalism, Ruffin analyzed the two rival economic orders of the United States, and foretold with remarkable accuracy the effect of machinery on the industrial system; he foresaw periodically increasing unemployment, the irresponsible exploitation of labor, and the eventual drift of the system toward socialism for its salvation. While the Eastern politicians were talking a roman-

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tic Union, and Emerson an irresponsible freedom and individualism, Ruffin, Rhett, Calhoun and George Fitzhugh of Virginia, ignored in their time, were issuing a realistic warning to the "American system" that is valid today. Ruffin's other great service was his agitation for reformed agriculture; the revival of Virginia agriculture and the checking of the emigration to the West after 1830 were directly due to him. His great "Essay on Calcareous Manures" was a pioneering work, not only here but in Europe.

Professor Craven's treatment of his subject is adequate, but apologetic; he seems to feel that he ought not to take Ruffin too seriously. There is too much pointless sarcasm about "Virginia gentlemen"—pointless because the author sets it forth from no well defined point of view that opposes coherent values to those which he attacks; the satire is personal and thus in questionable taste. On the whole it must be said that Professor Craven has missed a fine opportunity to use his social imagination on a rare figure—a man whose genius alone set him apart from a society of which he was otherwise typical. There are no such figures today.

ALLEN TATE.

Progress: A Two Way Street

Breakdown: The Collapse of Traditional Civilization, by Robert Briffault. New York: Brentano's. 273 pages. $2.50.

The Idea of Progress: An Inquiry into its Origin and Growth, by J. B. Bury. Introduction by Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 357 pages. $2.50.

HERE ARE two books which can profitably be read together. Each is concerned with the complex of ideas and beliefs at the roots of Western culture, and each ends on a note of interrogation which it will be the business of the future to resolve. And both—one hopefully, the other with a detached skepticism—turn the spotlight of criticism on the central delusion of modern times—the idea of Progress.

Robert Briffault, whose standing as an anthropologist needs no defense to readers of his monumental study, "The Mothers," possesses a caustic humor and a highly refreshing gift for sardonic invective. In "Breakdown"—as also in "Sin and Sex" and in "Rational Evolution"—he is frankly concerned with the evils and absurdities of what he calls "traditional civilization," meaning by that a culture professedly based upon dogmatic authority and maintained to the very point of disastrous collapse by the involuntary help, and against the growing hatred and contempt, of the dispossessed. The main theme of "tradition" is developed in a number of stimulating chapters which show its crippling effects upon the intelligence through religion, the rise of "power classes" (feudal, merchant and industrial) and the countless ramifications of ideology, from monasticism to liberalism. At every point fresh damage is done to the human mind, and the steady accumulation of error, injustice and unreason leads inevitably to a violent readjustment—since never yet has a ruling class had the courage, insight or imagination voluntarily to abdicate.

Dr. Briffault's one ironic concession to "constructive criticism" takes the form of a suggestion—which would surely gratify the inhabitants of Erewhon—that the whole structure of Western bourgeois culture be scrapped and a new culture built up in accordance with the "classless" ideal tentatively sketched out in Russia, for whose colossal social experiment he has a deep, but by no means officially communistic admiration. Briffault, in any case, would wipe the slate clean, and abolish "tradition" from the new table of laws.

In this the anthropologist yields overmuch to the doctrinaire—as J. B. Bury could explain by his discussion of such amiable visionaries as Fourier, Saint-Simon, Robert Owen and Sébastien Mercier. "The Idea of Progress," reprinted after twelve years for an American public—which, presumably, can get along without the important appendix and even the table of contents—is one of those definitely significant contributions to the history of thought which historians are more frequently equipped than competent to make. The editor of Gibbon and eminent authority on the Eastern Roman Empire, recognizing the force of "ideas" in molding human destinies, traces the origin and development of the notion of Progress out of primitive conceptions of Fate, of Providence, of stoical nihilism and medieval acquiescence in things as they are. The rise of the scientific spirit saw the first faint gleams of the new light, which only in the writings of the brilliant Frenchman, Fontenelle, assumed the radiance of "Progress"—the belief in a continuous movement of humanity in a desirable direction. Thereafter we have a record of the extraordinary social optimism which ranged all the way from Leibnitz (Voltaire's Pangloss) to Herbert Spencer, and from the Abbé de Saint-Pierre to Rousseau, Proudhon and George Sand—with such irreconcilable opposites as Karl Marx and Friedrich Nietzsche to show the immense hospitality of the new gospel to all creeds and temperaments.

Behind all this intellectualizing—as Professor Beard points out in his appreciative introduction—must be noted the forces of technological development, continually weaving the Penelope-web of sanguine beliefs which they themselves, by a somber irony, as continually unravel. Improvements in the material aspects of life lead, not to the simplifying of desires, but to their increasing complexity; this adds to the number and subtlety of human problems, which in turn rebound upon society, until either some new machine is invented to take care of the added shock—or a violent revolution occurs to equalize all shocks whatsoever.

Small wonder that J. B. Bury asks himself in an epilogue, "Will not that process of change, for which Progress is the optimistic name, compel "Progress" too to fall from the commanding position in which it is now, with apparent security, enthroned? . . . Another star . . . will be the criterion by which Progress and all other ideas will be judged. And it too will have its successor."

HAROLD WARD.

Book Notes

AMERICANA

THE THEATRE ON THE FRONTIER: The Early Years of the St. Louis Stage, by W. G. B. Carson. *University of Chicago Press. 361 pages. $5.*

Mr. Carson calls his book a treatise, and so it is, with the virtues of that form and the vacancies which must be expected if the method of broad interpretation is foregone. No portraiture is offered of such picturesque figures of the early stage in the West as Sol Smith, Noah Ludlow, Joe Field, or even the famous Drakes: yet material exists by which these might have been drawn at least in broad outline. The author omits all except a few general references to the history of the American stage outside St. Louis in the period of which he treats—from 1815 to 1840. He does not conjure up the essential background of hard travel by flatboat and steamboat and stage, or such makeshifts as existed behind the habitual phrase, "the actors found their own costumes." Even as to his immediate scene, that of early St. Louis, Mr. Carson

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is brief and unemphatic. Instead he has chosen to draw a close arc around the record of productions. Much of his detail is highly important for the student of the American stage, of American social history, even of American literature; and Mr. Carson has been particularly wise in his abundant inclusions of critical comment from the St. Louis newspapers. One could wish, however, that even within the strict limitations which he has imposed upon himself he had massed his materials with greater force and that he had relegated small details of casting to an appendix.

THE FANTASTIC CITY, by Amelia Ransome Neville. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 285 pages. $5.*

These rich and witty memoirs will provide an abundant pleasure for those who know well that San Francisco is one of the great cities of the world. Early gold-rush days are touched here with new color; familiar characters are revealed by fresh episodes. Mrs. Neville knew the bonanza kings and the strange incongruous splendor of their houses; she joined in gay water-frolics on the Bay, and was part of the bright spectacle of afternoon drives to Cliff House in the sixties, when the flowered bonnets of the ladies bobbed above white furs in blue seashell carriages, and many a barouche was drawn by four matched horses. She was devoted to the theatre from early minstrel days to the time of the California and onward—the "Old California" that "always had an air, like a house where only happy people have lived." Throughout the long span of her remembrances—from 1854 almost to the date of "the fire" in 1906—Mrs. Neville knew numbers of odd and delightful people whom she has recalled with a lively sense of personal idiosyncrasy. It is to be hoped that these memoirs will not be missed by those who generalize about frontier life as raw and crude and brutalizing. Here were charm and amusement, drawn together by a distinctive social character.

World Politics

BOYCOTTS AND PEACE: A Report by the Committee on Economic Sanctions, edited by Evans Clark. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 401 pages. $4.*

This volume contains a series of valuable research reports on the effects and possibilities of economic boycotts as a substitute for war, and the recommendation of a committee of prominent men called into existence by the Twentieth Century Fund under the chairmanship of Nicholas Murray Butler. The experts bring together data which prove that although a general boycott such as is contemplated under Article XVI of the League Covenant would be capable of inflicting great injury on the outlaw nation, it would also be so costly to the nations applying it that there is a good deal of doubt whether it would ever be invoked—short of actual world war. It would probably require military measures for enforcement and might lead to war, if it did not begin with actual hostilities. The coöperation of all important nations would be required to make it effective. These and other difficulties lead the Committee to suggest a new sanctions agreement, based not on the League but on the Pact of Paris, to which the United States and the U.S.S.R. are parties, and making compulsory, not a general boycott as does Article XVI of the Covenant, but merely consultation, in the event of actual or threatened hostilities, to decide what should be done. The only definite measure of boycott recommended by the Committee under these circumstances is one affecting munitions and absolute contraband. The Committee wants whatever is done to stop "short of war." This proposal avoids many of the dangers of Article XVI, but it is so uncertain in application and would exercise so little restraint upon a powerful belligerent that other methods for preserving peace appear to deserve greater emphasis.

THOUGHTS ON GERMANY, by Richard von Kühlmann. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 315 pages. $3.50.*

Baron von Kühlmann is a professional diplomat. As Foreign Minister, he headed the German delegation at the negotiation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with the Bolsheviks. It is possible that the sad memories of that treaty—the immense gains, and their complete annulment by subsequent events—are coloring, even if not determining, his present attitude toward Soviet Russia, which is one of unmitigated animosity. His attitude toward the conquerors and dispossessors of his country—France, England, America, Poland—is much more statesmanlike and amicable. He is too much the diplomat to set down in precise terms what should be done for the pacification of Europe; he knows that the extreme German demands are not likely to be peaceably fulfilled in the near future, and that to tear up the Treaty of Versailles would plunge Europe into a sea of blood. The book is decidedly interesting, though by no means profound, and at times rather evasive.

Fiction

THE STORE, by T. S. Stribling. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

"The Store" is the second novel in a trilogy of life in the Southern states. "The Forge," which was the first, began in the ante-bellum days; it ended with the death of old Vaiden after the War and with the presumable death of the Old South. The melodrama which is the present novel opens with the faint offstage sounds of Grover Cleveland's election to the presidency; the rumble-bumble of events larger than the lives of the characters continues throughout the progress of the highly complicated plot. But no one is deceived: the stage hands are making the thunder and blowing the trumpets. It is the old-fashioned novel with naturalistic events made to seem symbolic—the wholesale theft of cotton that establishes the hero, Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, as a man of business, then his marriage to the daughter of his former love. Even the South is off-stage, for when the octoroon is lynched at the end (and the octoroon is the son and half-nephew of the Colonel begotten by him in "The Forge") we are told, in the irony of melodrama, that if certain deeds had been found by the Colonel, the lynching would never have taken place; it all might have happened in the South Seas as well as in the South. Out of the clumsy sentences emerge sharp portraits like Gracie the quadroon and Alex Cady the white tenant farmer; but the real novel behind the events is never there. A superb thought has been lost in a welter of detail.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, The New Republic's London correspondent and a frequent contributor to The New Leader of that city, has written a number of books on literary and social subjects, the most recent being "Rebel India" which was published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

John Dewey, whose contributions to philosophy and the science of education are well known to New Republic readers, is chairman of the National Committee of the League for Independent Political Action. His last book to be published was "Philosophy and Civilization."

John Chamberlain, a member of the staff of The New York Times Book Review, is at present completing a volume of essays.

Henry G. Alsberg is a New York literary man who is best known as the translator and adapter of "The Dybbuk," which was presented several years ago in New York City. He has also helped to edit and compile a book on the treatment of political prisoners in Russia.

Gerald Sykes, besides contributing book reviews and criticisms to various literary magazines, has also contributed fiction to the second and third "American Caravans."

Allen Tate, at present in Europe, has written two biographies of Southern heroes and is now at work on a life of Robert E. Lee. He has published two volumes of verse, the most recent being, "Poems: 1928-1931."

Harold Ward, a frequent contributor to literary magazines, has made a special study of the history and philosophy of the sciences.

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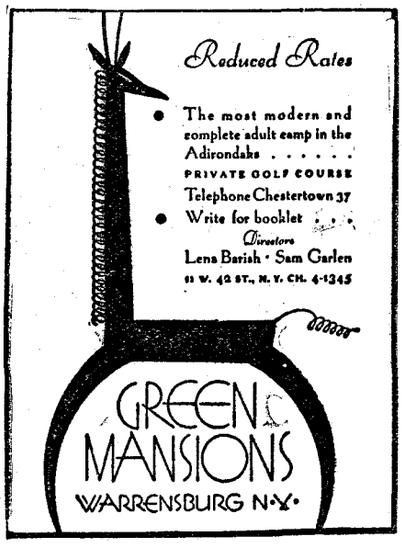

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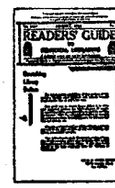

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